NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE AND ITS KINDRED ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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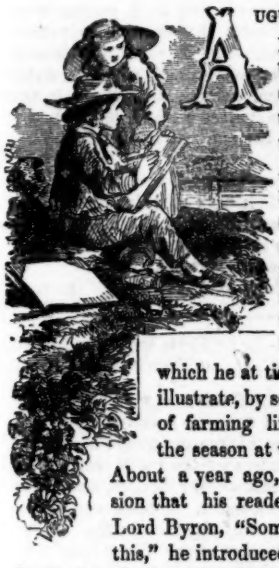
AUGUST.

"Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws, refreshful round, a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and social glee."

Thompson's Seasons—Summer.



AUGUST.—For several years from the time the senior editor assumed the duties of the big arm-chair of the *New England Farmer*, he gave his readers a leading article at the beginning of each month, in which he sought to point out the proper work to be attended to, and which he at times endeavored to illustrate, by some familiar sketch of farming life, as applicable to the season at which he wrote.—About a year ago, under the impression that his readers might say, with Lord Byron, "Something too much of this," he introduced his patent editorial *cut off*, and from that time to this, the peculiar *steam*, applicable to that particular subject, has not been suffered to escape. He will now open the valve a trifle, and see what will come for the single month of August, and then, perchance, shut off or keep going, as he may think best, or his readers may indicate a desire.

From May to September are the farmer's months, emphatically. No one of all the annual round presents any time for idleness, but during those indicated, the work of the farmer is constantly treading on his heels, and if he does not push ahead with vigor, he will soon find it travelling right over him. That farmer who gives so much of his time to political affairs as to neglect to trim his apple trees, *as we did in June*, 1856, will find his error the next year, just as we did, while laboring early and late through our orchard last June. We've learned the lesson now, and hope you, dear reader, will profit by our experience, and attend to your orchards, instead of presidential nominations! You will find plenty of people ready to do the latter work for you, *gratis*, but, when it comes to trimming orchards, it is *quite the reverse*. *Trimming* politicians are very plenty, but *trimming* orchardists are scarce, and hard to be got!

But we sat down to enlighten our readers about *August*, and here we are writing about June. But what of August?

Well, my friend and brother farmer, you have, if you are up to your work, a goodly crop of turnips, the seed of which you sowed in July, now coming forward most promisingly. But don't you see how much too thick they are? Now is your time to thin them out, if you wish to have turnips next fall looking like white porcelain coffee saucers, turned upside down. Turnips, like crinoline skirts, must have room to spread themselves; otherwise, like the witty poet, Fessenden's parsnips, beets and carrots, they will

——"Stretch their roots with ease,
Clear through to our antipodes,
And Chinese rogues, if fame say true,
To rob our farmers, pull them through."

Now, unless you want *long tailed* turnips, and a chance of losing them as above described, thin them out nicely this very month.

The season of rain has been for some time over, and the earth is usually at its dryest point in August; this is, consequently, the month for digging meadow mud for manure, and, if your land requires ditching, you may kill two birds with one stone by using the mud which is dug out in ditching for

manure. But, if your land requires ditching, and you do not want manure, nevertheless *ditch!* One of our associates, now in "Merrie England," has set forth eloquently, in line upon line, and precept upon precept, the great advantages of draining land—we only say *now is the time to do it.*

You have harvested your oats we presume this is the month in which to seed down the land where they grew, if it was not seeded in the spring. "He that sows not neither shall he reap"—that is Scripture, and a self-evident truth into the bargain—and if you sow judiciously now, next year you shall reap or *mow*, as we men of to-day express it, abundantly.

All sorts of summer work appropriate to the dryest time of the year, should be done in August; and if your well has "gin eout," this is the very time to deepen it!

Finish your haying, and pay special attention to your crops in the ground if you expect a plenteous harvest.

Look carefully about your premises and see that everything is in order; "a place for everything, and everything in its place," ought to be the motto of every farmer, and not only the month of August, but every month, and every day of every month, is *the time* to see to this.

HOW TO GET CHEAP TURNIPS.

Turnips are coming more and more into use among us for feeding stock, and it becomes a question how to produce them at the least cost. Even the white fleshed field turnips are valuable for feeding in winter, and a stock of them judiciously fed tells a good story, in milk or in beef.

We tried an experiment with the cow horn turnip, as a second crop after corn, the past summer. The corn consisted of about one acre, had been manured with fish applied to the growing crop in June, and yielded about sixty bushels to the acre. The sod was in good heart, but not highly manured. The seed was sown at the last hoeing, early in August. As the ground was shaded by the corn, the turnip seed came up well, and the young plants made good progress even in dry weather. About the middle of September the corn was cut up and put in shocks. The turnips having full advantage of the sun, came on rapidly, and by the middle of October had made roots two or three inches in diameter and a foot in length. We thinned them, taking off about fifty bushels, and a final gathering the last of November of over fifty bushels more. The whole expense of raising them was the harvesting, which we estimate at four dollars.

Turnips at four cents a bushel are a cheap fodder. The seed sowing was trusted to an inexperienced hand, or the yield would have been much larger. Full one-third of the field was vacant. We think this the cheapest way of raising turnips, and propose to follow it until we find a better.—*Boston Courier.*

How to Select Flour.—1. Look at its color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. 2. Examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic it is good; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by pressure, that, too, is a good sign.

Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy. These modes were given by old flour dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter which concerns everybody, namely; the quality of that which is "the staff of life."—*Ohio Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

CUCUMBER BUG.

Dr. Heckerman writes: "Most gardeners are very much annoyed by these bugs, which prey upon the cucumber, melon, pumpkin and squash—the latter being its favorite. Various plans have been devised for their protection, such as soot, &c. A method which I have practised with nearly entire success, is to form a mixture of equal parts of finely ground black pepper and wheat flour, and dust the plants while the dew is upon them with this mixture, using an ordinary flour or pepper box. It is a fact generally known, that black pepper is so obnoxious to most insects that few will approach or stay in its presence. The object of the flour is to combine with the pepper, and with the water and dew to form a paste, which will adhere to the leaves for many days unless washed off by heavy rains, in which case the application should be renewed."

But by way of improvement, I would recommend sulphur (having used it with considerable success for a number of years) instead of flour. It would combine with pepper in the same manner as flour, and in itself be very offensive to the bugs.

West Townsend, June 18, 1857. E. B.

Wormy Apples.—Elihu Cross writes as follows to the *Country Gentleman.*

"Having been troubled with wormy apples for the last fifteen years, I thought I would try an experiment on one tree this season, to see if I could not stop these marauders in their wild career. I took half a dozen quart porter bottles, and filled each full of sweetened water. I then suspended them from the branches of the tree in the following manner: I tied leather straps three-fourths of an inch wide around the branches to prevent them from being girdled; to these leather straps I tied hemp strings, to which I attached the bottles, leaving them open to allow millers to enter. I let the bottles remain in this situation five or six weeks, and on taking them down and emptying them, I found the millers had entered in numbers, and were drowned in the liquid. In one bottle I counted fifteen—in another forty.

I had twelve bushels of sound, wormless apples, while the fruit on other trees not experimented upon was wormy."

For the New England Farmer.

PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

Our cold month of June is now closed. If I do not mistake, it has been colder than any month of June within my memory. The vegetable prospects are bright and promising in the general, but not so in particular. Corn is small, feeble and backward. I have seen but little that has a healthy, vigorous aspect. Potatoes look finely, never better. Grass, there is a superabundance grown, but a warm sun is needed to mature and make it; otherwise, it will be puffy and unsubstantial. Vines suffered much by the cold of the last winter. Strawberries do not yield half what was expected from them. Cranberries, on high land, cultivated, will not yield more than half a crop; they were much disturbed by the winter. This crop needs constant and vigilant attention to be grown successfully. Mr. N.'s bed, which I saw on Saturday, has too many naked and disturbed spots to look encouraging. He thinks it bids fair to do well another year. Most of our cultivators wear rather long faces, on account of the depredations on their crops by the operations of insects. Notwithstanding there was a fair bloom upon the trees, there appears to be but little well-formed fruit. Such is the present prospect at

July 1, 1857. SOUTH DANVERS.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

The Board of Agriculture held a quarterly meeting at the State Farm in Westboro', on the 1st inst. Present, Messrs. BARTLETT, of Middlesex North, BROOKS, of the Worcester Society, BUSHNELL, of the Housatonic, DAVIS, of the Plymouth, DURFEE, of the Bristol, FELTON, of the Worcester South, FIELD, of the Franklin, FISHER, of the Worcester North, FRENCH, of the Norfolk, GRENNELL, appointed by the Executive, HUBBARD, of the Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, LEWIS, of the Middlesex South, MARSTON, of the Barnstable, NEWELL, of the Essex, SWEETSER, of the Hampshire, TOWER, of the Berkshire, WHITE, of the Worcester West, and WILDER, appointed by the Executive.

The appearance of the farm is highly gratifying and satisfactory—the crops all looking exceedingly well, except the corn and the Chinese sugar cane, which look very well for this season. Corn, in this section of the State, is very small and backward, but as it depends very much on July and August to bring it forward, it is hoped that it will recover itself.

There are thirty acres of Indian corn this year on the State farm, about fifteen acres of potatoes and other crops, as carrots, onions, turnips, beans, &c., &c., in proportion. The farm has been greatly improved the present season by the addition of new gates, which were greatly needed—smoothing off the land in front of the farm-house, from which several hundred tons of stones were removed, grading down the hill in front of the Institution, and other permanent improvements, which add greatly to the attractions of this beautiful farm.

The Board have applied over seventeen hundred and fifty loads of liquid manures this spring to the various crops, and it is estimated that there are on hand about three thousand more, which will make it unnecessary to purchase fertilizers hereafter, to any extent. This liquid manure is in the new reservoir, completed last year, and consists of the wash from the Institution of six hundred and fifty inmates.

Danford's mowing machine was at work on the farm by Mr. Thompson, the manufacturer, from Greenfield, and cut the grass very well, and apparently of easy draught.

The grass crop is the largest ever known on the farm. The stock is all looking well, and is very creditable to the State.

Notice being given that the Legislature had passed an act instructing the Board to investigate the subject of the disease of the potato, and report upon the applications made for the State premium previous to the repeal of the act offering it, a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Bartlett, Fisher and Durfee, to examine the whole subject and report thereon to the Board.

It was voted that each member be requested to send in to the Secretary, a list of the names and addresses of individuals in the various sections of the State most capable of serving on the committees at the State Show. Delegates were appointed to visit the exhibitions of the County Societies, as follows:

To the Essex, Dr. Bartlett; Middlesex, Mr. Tower; Middlesex North, Mr. Felton; Middlesex South, Mr. Grennell; Worcester, Mr. Davis; Worcester West, Mr. Field; Worcester North, Col. Lewis; Worcester South, Mr. White; Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, Mr. Sweetser; Hampshire, Mr. Brewer; Hampden East, Dr. Fisher; Berkshire, Gen. Chandler; Housatonic, Mr. French; Franklin, Col. Newell; Norfolk, Hon. R. C. Winthrop; Bristol, Capt. Gardner; Plymouth, Judge Marston; Barnstable, Mr. Bushnell; Nantucket, Dr. Durfee.

Delegates were also appointed to the Exhibition of the United States Agricultural Society at Louisville, Ky., consisting of Messrs. Brooks, Newell, Durfee, Chandler, Lewis and Flint.

Delegates were appointed to attend the trial of Mowers and Reapers at Syracuse.

It was voted to give the Committee on Labor authority to consummate the arrangement between the Board and the Trustees in regard to the labor of the boys.

At present there are at work on the farm about two hundred boys, who are under the charge of the employees on the farm, and taught so far as practicable all the branches of farm labor.

July 7, 1857. C. L. F.

FARM ACCOUNTS.

It is surprising to me that so little attention is paid by farmers to the importance of keeping farm accounts; by which I mean accounts with his principal crops, and also of the stock kept on his farm. Though this latter item is more difficult to ascertain, yet the former is as easily kept as an account of a merchant or mechanic with his customers, and in the same way—by attending to it at the time. I presume there is not one farmer in twenty, perhaps not one in a hundred, who keeps any regular account of his farming operations; consequently the most he knows about it is guess-work. He knows perhaps that he has got a crib of corn, or a bin of wheat; but how much it has cost him in manure, labor, seed, interest on land, &c., &c., he guesses at, or don't trouble himself about. Such a farmer cannot tell whether his business is profitable or unprofitable, at least not until his capital is sensibly increased or diminished. He cannot tell with any certainty whether corn or beans is the most profitable crop; whether cows or sheep will yield the greatest remuneration for the labor and expense bestowed; or whether he makes or loses money by summer fallowing and sowing ten acres of wheat on shares. All this, and much more that is useful and instructive, can be ascertained by keeping accurate accounts—charging each crop or flock of sheep with the expense of tillage, keep, &c., and crediting each with the actual returns, whenever ascertained. This would not occupy more than ten minutes each day, and would abundantly repay by the information and instruction it would impart. I grant that the crops of the farmer are subject to contingencies. The weevil may destroy his wheat, the grub eat up his growing corn, and the drought may diminish his dairy profits, but he must make allowance for these occurrences, and consider the loss in the same light that a merchant would a bad debt.

I know that too great a majority of farmers have a repugnance to writing anything, either through indolence, or because they think they have not the necessary time; but I entreat such to try it, say for one year, commencing this spring, and see if it will not compensate. It will induce habits of order and system; it will show where labor is most profitably expended; it will show where losses have accrued from want of care and attention.—How much loss was sustained in the corn crop last year for the want of care in the saving and selection of seed corn.

In conclusion, I would say, that I kept such accounts for a number of years, and though now retired from the business of farming, I would not take for my accounts double what they cost me. I was under the necessity of laboring constantly and diligently; but my custom was to have a slate, with a pencil attached, always at hand, when in the house, and noting on it, at the time, everything of which I wished to keep an account. On Saturday night, or oftener, I transferred it to my account book.—*Wyoming County Mirror.*

Remedy for Cherry Slug.—The cherry slug, or snail, makes sad havoc on our cherry trees in this vicinity. I have previously found lime effectual in destroying them. Last summer I tried dry dust, taken from the ground near the tree; with a shovel make it fine, or you may scrape it from the highway, when it is dry and dusty. Apply profusely, that none of the slugs escape a good covering, and my word for it, they will be minus equally as well as if you had used lime. Renew the application as often as necessary.—*Country Gentleman.*

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

All day, from shrubs by our summer dwelling,
The Easter sparrow repeats his song;
A merry warbler, he chides the blossoms,
The idle blossoms that sleep so long.

The blue-bird chants, from the elm's long branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year;
The south-wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, the Spring is here!

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before these lays from the elm have ceased;
The violet breathes by our door as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is our door-side queen;
She pushes upward the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wiry-prison in maiden's bower;
No pampered bloom of the green-house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet lays of the early season,
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April's breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
The opening bowers, and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows green in the sun are waiting
Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

For the New England Farmer.

A RIDE WITH A COW'S TAIL.

I noticed in a recent number a communication from Mr. Stearns, entitled, Horses' Ears and Cows' Tails. Being struck by the singularity of the heading, I read the communication, and was much pleased with it; especially the latter part, where the writer refers to a machine for keeping cows' tails in their proper places, while milking. You may wish to know why I was interested in this,—I will tell you. I have a friend who has been very much annoyed by cows' tails. He is accustomed, during the warm season, to take a round cow-hiding administered with a cow's tail, every time he performs the operation of milking; and some times he is belabored so unmercifully, that he loses all control of himself, and in turn gives the cow a round drubbing with his milking-stool. But I wish now to show one of the methods my friend took, to defend himself against the assaults of the cow's tail. It happened that he had among his stock, a very large cow, with a *tremendous* long tail, at the end of which the hair had grown to a profuse length. This tail was a perfect *eye-sore* to my friend, in every sense of the word, for the owner of it could use it with as much expertness and

alacrity as Scott ever showed in using his sword; and she would lay it about the ears of my friend with such fury as fairly to make him roar.

At the close of a warm day in summer my friend seated himself upon his stool, to milk said cow. But the moment he placed his hand upon her bag, slap came her tail right in his eye. But this was her last, for, the eye of my friend falling upon the hair that grew so profusely at the extremity of her tail, the thought instantly suggests itself that by tying it around his leg, he should then have command of said tail. This he does, and is about to commence operations again, when the cow, finding that her tail was confined, instantly starts off, throwing my poor friend upon his back, and taking him with her, much against his inclination. It happened that in the yard there was a large puddle of water, occasioned by heavy rains. Towards this the cow (with poor Gilpin behind,) made her way; using, I suppose, the philosophy of the tinner, who always gives the article he wishes to cover with tin, a coating of acid, before applying the tin, to make it adhere. Whether the cow used this philosophy, or not, I cannot say, but she took my friend through the centre of this pond, and then directed her course to the manure heaps, over three of which she passed, with my friend streaming behind, looking like the tail of a comet, only not quite so brilliant. But at this point, a brother (who had been apprized of my friend's situation, by his cries,) came to the rescue, and he was soon released from his unpleasant companion.

Now, this cow-milker's assistant, Mr. Stearns informs us, will prevent swearing, and I have no doubt but it would have prevented this calamity that I have just narrated, and although it was invented in 1854, yet, I must say, that I was not aware that there was such a machine until I saw Mr. Stearns' account of it. I shall endeavor to persuade my friend to purchase one as a preventive against such accidents. H. A. H.

Monson, 1857.

For the New England Farmer.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL CLUB.

On page 136 of Vol. VIII. of the *New England Farmer*, published in March, 1856, is a sensible and practical proposition for the organization of this club. Can you tell me, Messrs. Editors, whether the hint then given has ever been taken, and whether any steps have ever been commenced for the organization of such a club? If not, why not? Is there no one about the State House of sufficient public spirit to lead off in the matter? Even suppose the highest officers of State to be so occupied about the concerns of the State as to have no time to spare for this collateral business, there are the Secretary of State, the Teasurer of State, and the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, all furnished with spacious and comfortable rooms, and as much *clerical* assistance as they ask for. Why cannot one or all of these see to it? If they cannot, why cannot you, Mr. Editor, and your neighboring editors, volunteer to look after it? Mark my word, let it be done, and it will prove one of the most useful and creditable associations in the State. I know that many of us farmers have taken the liberty to go into Secretary Flint's room, and make ourselves at home, when in the city; but still, we do not feel quite at ease there; we are a little afraid of interrupting his duties, when we see him only able to answer our inquiries, in the briefest possible manner that civility admits. Pardon these hasty suggestions. You will understand that I mean no offence to any one, but wish that my occupation should have that position in the City of Notions that its importance demands. Why not discuss this topic at one of the farmers' meetings?

FRUIT TREES.

The importation of foreign fruit trees and seeds this Spring, now nearly over, are estimated to have been at least fifty per cent. in excess of those of any former year; and this branch of horticulture is fast acquiring importance. The destruction of trees by the severity of the two last winters, and the rapid settlement of Western lands,—but more than all, the encouragement to the culture of domestic fruit afforded by the formation of numerous Agriculturul societies throughout the country, have given an impetus to this business which is quite unprecedented. The demand for young trees has much exceeded the supply. It may seem somewhat singular that we are unable to produce trees and fruits for ourselves, without resorting to other countries, but our changeable climate does not favor their growth to the same perfection. Even between the Eastern States and the Western, the difference in climate and soil is such that fruit often undergoes an entire metamorphosis,—the dwarfish specimens of the East being scarcely recognizable in the exuberant growth of the more genial West.

Trees are imported in bales and cases, chiefly from France, England and Scotland; and seeds are invoiced by the ton. Their aggregate value for the season it is difficult to calculate; but as the nurserymen chiefly import through a single agency in this city, some approximation may be made. The largest nurseries in the United States are in the vicinity of Rochester, where there are something like 2,000 acres of young trees in process of culture, A single firm has as many as 400 acres. At Syracuse there is a nursery of 300 acres, and very large ones are to be found in nearly all the principal Western cities—even in Desmoines and Dubuque, which were recently in the heart of the wilderness. Illinois is taking the lead among fruit-growing States, being convenient of access from the newly opened Territories, and possessing a soil and climate peculiarly favoring a large production. Indiana, too, is giving the subject much attention.

It is very singular that agriculturists nearer home, particularly in New Jersey, are not able to discover the immense advantage that would result from a more extended culture of fruits of the choicer varieties, adapted to city consumption. Placed within reach of the great markets of New York and Philadelphia, this description of produce would be readily convertible into cash, and on such terms as to secure a munificent return for the labor and capital expended. The few cultivators already in the field are profiting by their sagacity, but it will be long before they can supply the demands made upon them by our fruiterers and confectioners. As is well known, choice pears often sell at half a dollar apiece, or even twice that amount. The exportation of trees, such as evergreens and forest trees, is increasing quite fast.—*Jour. of Com.*

For the New England Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

It would seem, from what is said by some, that the great end which it was intended that agricultural fairs should subserve, had been forgotten, or at least overlooked. Perhaps it would be well in the moments of cool reflection, to consider what the chief design of these is, or ought to be. Now I would submit, if agricultural societies did not originate in a desire to advance whatever pertains to the interests of agriculture, and that agricultural fairs are but the echo of this desire, awarding premiums to the best articles of any kind exhibited, for the purpose of exciting competition, and securing in this way the improvement and perfection of such articles, and the spread of valuable information.

Premiums being an important auxiliary for promoting the objects of these societies, as also being of themselves both a healthy incitant as well as check on exhibitors, the awarding of them demands a careful consideration. Without reference in the least to what does, or does not exist as matter of fact, I would suggest that in accordance with strict republican principle, each and all branches of agriculture equally ought to be entitled to premiums; and that the amount of premiums awarded to each class should be proportioned to the relative importance which it holds with others in the estimation of the community; or its real intrinsic value to society individually and collectively. Thus one branch may extensively interest the people, absorbing more attention and capital than any other; this, then, in the aggregate, ought to command a larger proportion of awards; again, another branch may be of even more real value to public interests than the preceding, yet from adventitious circumstances, has not enlisted the attention of the community; this latter needs the encouragement which a larger proportion of premiums would secure. These premiums should be given in order to obtain and diffuse that information, which competition under different circumstances, comparison of experiments and results, would make the most reliable, succinct, methodical, and of course practical. Other than these two, the premiums should be awarded on the *ad valorem* principle as applicable to the community. For instance, the premiums on horses, cattle, sheep, swine, &c., should be proportioned to the comparative value which each has to any and all other agricultural productions which are considered worthy of premiums; and each of these classes must be again divided and subdivided on the same principle, as horses for speed, for draft, farm-horses, carriage-horses, horses for breeding, &c., and then again classified according to age, &c., &c.

Were the great principle on which agricultural societies and fairs were first instituted, viz., that of securing the greatest good to the greatest number, and allowing *equal* representation to all departments of agriculture, strictly and fully carried out, we should hear less said respecting the evils of "horse racing," and its immoral tendency in connexion with our fairs. An agricultural fair is not a horse show nor a cattle show merely, nor is it an exhibition of any one production of art or nature, but it is a combination of all of these, and all ought to have an equal chance, and no one ought to overtop, or in the least detract from another. Although popular attention may be, and often is directed to some particular object of interest, to the neglect of others, yet the various agricultural societies, their officers and committees, have it in their power, by a proper grading and distribution of premiums, to secure to each article a due consideration and just award.

Agricultural societies should repudiate the name of "horse shows, cattle shows," &c., as referring to a general exhibition of agricultural interests; and if the awards show justice meted out to all impartially, the confidence of the public will be secured, cause of reproach will be taken away, and with the cause will die the name. If an agricultural society owns, hires or has the use of a trotting-course given them for an exhibition of horses, so long as it is under their control, they are free to make and enforce all lawful and needful rules and regulations which they please; and can, of course, check all racing, drinking, or anything else of immoral tendency. If, owning a course, they lease it to be used either before or after an exhibition of their own, they are responsible for the way it is leased and used; and if hired or otherwise, they are responsible for the use made of it so long as it is under their control, but no longer. Neither are they responsible for the personal character of any person who attends their fairs, any farther than to give just and suitable encouragement to true merit, as it shows itself by advancing the interests of agriculture. The fact that where our fairs are held, we meet circuses, liquor, and swindlers of all sorts, furnishes no argument against agricultural fairs. These evils are concomitant, not legitimate deductions, and no one holds the society in any case responsible.

A fast horse is a good thing, and as such is entitled to a premium; who his owner is, matters not, provided that while on the grounds of an agricultural society, he conforms to their rules and regulations. A bad man may own a fast horse, and it would be a pity if no man of unexceptionable morals ever owned one. The ownership is no person's business. If a "jocky" has a fast horse to which he is willing to give a fair trial on a course of the society, let him be permitted with others; he can ask no more, and here the society can restrict him, *nolens* or *volens*. A fast horse is usually a fancy horse for a man of leisure; he is not the kind for business, for convenience, for family use; as a general thing, he is not the horse that nine-tenths of the people would choose to use in ninety-nine cases in a hundred. In awarding premiums, then, fast horses should not have more than their proportionate share compared with draft, carriage, or other horses. They are certainly valuable for the farmer to raise, and they bring high prices, and the raising of them should be encouraged. But how are the qualities of a fast horse to be tested; is it not in a great measure by his speed? Is it not then very unwise, not to say ridiculous, to restrict a horse to a "mile in four minutes" gait, or restrict his speed at all, if we would give this class an equal chance with draft, carriage, or many other kind of horses? Is there anything immoral in fast riding or fast travelling? If so, we Americans must be a very immoral set, for we are a proverbially fast people. Is it any worse for an animal to show his speed than his strength, or any other qualification to which nature or practice has capacitated him? The man who objects to speed, must go against public sentiment, against the spirit of the times in which we live, against a feeling with which we are almost all identified, namely, that of progress in every de-

partment. The feelings of interest and admiration with which all, not in the least excepting the fair sex, regard an exhibition of the noble qualities of the well-trained horse, are not the result of a sickly conventionalism, but the natural action of a healthy mind that likes to see nature and art combined and exhibited in the greatest perfection. The countenance given to the exhibition of horses under the management of the various agricultural societies, by the presence of ladies of the first distinction, and of most unexceptionable delicacy and modesty, shows the confidence which the best of the community repose in these societies, that every thing will be conducted with justice and decorum. Let us hope that their confidence may never prove misplaced, and that this branch may ever be favored with their smiles and presence. As to the matter of female equestrianism in connexion with these exhibitions, I think that we may safely leave the subject with the ladies themselves. If they think it proper, we gentlemen ought not to be modest above measure, but let them have their way. We need have little fear that our shows will depreciate in consequence of either their countenance or assistance. A little more equestrianism among the ladies of New England would be a most excellent idea, and a little healthy encouragement is what is very much needed.

Let the responsibility of the character of agricultural fairs rest where it belongs, on the society which originates them. The power to correct almost all the abuses complained of, lies with the various agricultural societies in a great measure; and let them feel that the mass of the people know this, and hold them amenable. The success of these societies depends on their integrity and fairness in all matters connected with agricultural interests, and I would hope to see them such as the best wishes of the best men would have them, and what their originators at first intended they should be, the *ne plus ultra* of all societies for the improvement of man physically, mentally and morally. J. S. S.

Greenfield, Mass., April, 1857.

For the New England Farmer.

BOYS' WAGES.

Mr. Editor:—In the *Farmer* of April 11, your correspondent askes the question, ought not good working boys of 14 or 15 years of age to receive from 37 to 45 cents a day? Perhaps while a farmer is engaged in weeding his carrots, or onions, he may afford to pay a good boy from 37 to 45 cents a day, from the fact that he may weed nearly as fast as a man.

"Experience is the best schoolmaster," in schoolteaching we all admit, so it is in farming business; a man of experience, strength, judgment and ability is the one to whom the farmer can afford to pay three or four times the wages that he can to a boy; for he can then see his work done with dispatch, and steadily progressing, while a hired boy not possessing these qualities can do but a little without being constantly watched by his employer. Therefore ought not boys' wages to be small in proportion to the wages of a man?

What mechanic, (for instance a machinist,) would think of giving an apprentice boy as much as he would a journeyman, a man of experience? Certainly no one would; the reason is obvious. Farming is as much of a trade as any other occupation, then why should an apprentice boy at farming be better paid than an apprentice at any other trade?

Farmers, from the nature of their business, have many kinds of work to perform. Tell a man who has had experience, what to do, and he knows how to do it; but not so with a boy; his employer must spend much precious time in telling him what to do, how to do it, and then in most cases see that it is done.

Boys will be boys, and as a general thing, they love play rather than work; however, occasionally we find an exception. Hence ought boys' wages to approximate so nearly to the wages of a man, as suggested by your correspondent?

Yours, truly, Experience.

Hamilton, April 20, 1857.

For the New England Farmer

HAIR SNAKES.

In the *Spiritual Telegraph*, bearing date of April 11th, I noticed some remarks from the pen of Mr. Gage, of Michigan, relative to the origin and character of hair snakes. The account which Mr. Gage has given of his observation and experiments has probably given complete satisfaction to many upon this subject. Friend Gage appears to discard the idea that hair snakes are, in any instance, animated hairs of animals; he also appears to think that they are entirely the product of crickets; but I think we cannot arrive at a correct conclusion, or be enabled to give a judicious verdict in this, or in any other intricate case, until the evidence on both sides of the question is presented. I shall not attempt to prove that crickets never bring forth, or by some unaccounted for means produce a kind of hair snake; both by my own observation and experiments, I have demonstrative evidence, that the hairs of animals and of men, if put into a standing pool of water, exposed to the rays of the sun for a few days in warm weather, will animate, and become hair snakes.

It is now about forty years since I, in several instances, took some particular observation of these singular animal beings called hair snakes. Two of those then examined were, (according to my best recollection,) about 12 or 15 inches long; one of them, which was nearly or quite the diameter of a fine knitting needle, I broke in two; in the cavity of its body was a thick, ropy substance, which was white. From the appearance of these snakes, and other circumstances, I had reason to believe that they were vivified hairs; and to prove the matter, plucked several (say 5 or 6) hairs from my own person, and placed them in a standing pool of shallow water; the hairs were in a somewhat curled and entangled condition. A few days afterwards, I visited the place to see the condition and progress of the snakes, and found that they had all animated, and become hair snakes. They were precisely in the same place where they were deposited, and in the same relative connection; they were all writhing and squirming as though they were trying to extricate themselves from their entangled state. That experiment was to me demonstrative evidence that hair snakes were really animated hairs. Several other persons of my acquaintance have tried the same experiment, with the like results. Two of my acquaintance plucked hairs from the tail of a

horse, placed them in water, and visited the place every day, uutil the hairs revived and became a kind of snake.

When I tried that experiment with hairs, I lived in the central part of New York State. About that date, William Frazier, of Oxford, Ct. Co., related to me the following case, which occurred in that vicinity. A man, apparently in good health, was suddenly affected with severe pain at the neck of the bladder and urethera. His physician could not ascertain the character or cause of his suffering. The paroxysms of pain were most severe when he urinated, yet there was no evidence of gravel or stone in the bladder. A few days after the attack of the complaint, a hair snake was discharged from the urethera, when his suffering immediately ceased. It came from him, the tail, or top end of the hair, forwards; and it is not known to many that hairs have a kind of barbed roughness, and that roughness slants towards the top, or outer end of hairs. The passing of the hair snake, tail end forward, clearly accounted for the pain experienced whenever the man passed urine. His physicians were satisfied that the snake was a vivified hair, which the man had, by some means, swallowed.

The fact that hairs of animals, when deposited in water for some length of time, become hair snakes, is a truth too well established by numerous experiments to be denied, or in any degree questioned. Friend Gage says he has found hair snakes of different lengths and different colors, under flat stones. I have also noticed the same kind of creature; but have supposed them to be a kind of worm; and an entirely different species from the hair snakes which are found in pools of water; but I have not compared them together, under microscopic inspection. Worms which hatch from nits deposited in limbs of trees, become millers and butterflies; and tadpoles (or pollywogs, as they are called,) leave their rear appendage, have legs, and become toads and frogs. Who knows but that those snakes produced by crickets pass through a similar metamorphosis, and become crickets? Those who have opportunity and leisure for the purpose, will doutless give this subject further investigation. WELLINGTON ROSE.

West Pittsfield, Ms., 1857.

For the New England Farmer.

BEE CULTURE.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me again to call the attention of the readers of the *New England Farmer*—who keep bees—to their spring management. Those who have looked after their stocks, have no doubt observed that during the few mild days we have already had, their bees were up and stirring. They have passed through a very severe winter, and that "Winter Management" has been good which brings them out this spring, not greatly reduced in numbers and in a healthy condition. I propose to offer a few suggestions on Bee Culture, and to give such directions as will enable any one to go into this interesting branch of rural economy with profit and success. I would say, however, to begin with, that it is my opinion that bees do not do as well in the Eastern part of Massachusetts, or any where near the salt water, as they do farther back in the country. New Hampshire and Vermont are fine States for the culture of bees. Whether this arises from any injurious influence of the salt water, or simply from the pasturage not being so good for them, I am not able to say, but I should suppose the latter to be the principal cause. That they do not do as well within a few miles of Boston as they do further back in the country, under equal management, is a fact, be the cause what it may. Bees and bee culture is an old subject, as old as the river. It shall be my object to tell what can be done, and to leave the *speculating* part of bee culture out. First, as regards their house, or beehive. That which gives to bees room enough to work to advantage, which properly protects them from vermine and the weather, which allows their owner to inspect their operations and condition, and admits of removing surplus honey without destroying the bees, and can be properly ventilated at all times, is the best. There are numerous patent hives before the public at the present time, claiming all these advantages and a host of others. Each one has its advocates, and he who enters upon the keeping of bees will doubtless make that selection which he supposes to be the best. Whatever that may be, it should be of simple construction and easily managed, and fulfil the foregoing indications, or be discarded. Any person with ordinary mechanical tact, can construct a hive after his own fancy, to answer the above requisites. But it is a question, whether it would not be cheaper to buy one, such as he might fancy, than to make one himself. A good hive, all ready for occupancy, can be purchased for three dollars and fifty cents. I have lately made half a dozen, after a *patent* of my own, each of which cost more money. Whatever may be the style of architecture, the hive should be workman like, of the best materials, and thoroughly painted white, so that it will stand the weather—"solitary and alone," and keep its inmates dry and warm. NORFOLK.

King Oak Hill, 1857.

For the New England Farmer.

HOW TO MAKE MAPLE SUGAR.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in your paper of May 2d an inquiry concerning the best method of making maple sugar. The inquirer said he burns from one to two cords of wood, in making 100 pounds of sugar. I have been accustomed to making sugar, and will give my methods. I usually tap 100 trees; draw my sap to an out-building, where I have a fifty gallon kettle set in an arch, with a flue that carries the fire around the kettle. I have made this spring 400 pounds, and have not used over two cords of wood, and that of the poorest kind. I use hemlock tops, old fence boards, and the like; never burn hard wood, as that always commands a good price. My wood is all prepared and put into the building one year before hand, so as to have it well dried. Flat-bottomed pans are used mostly in this vicinity, and are considered the best, as they will boil away more sap, with a given amount of wood, than a kettle.

There has been more sugar made in this town this spring than has been for many years. Many of the farmers in this vicinity have made 2000 pounds; and one man in an adjoining town, I am informed, has made 6000 pounds from 900 trees.

Woodstock, Vt., 1857. H. F. R.

THE GEN. WARREN HOUSE—ROXBURY, MASS.

We have published from time to time, views of a few of the modern-built residences in the neighborhood of our city, as specimens of what taste and care may accomplish in the improvement of our New England homes. The general remarks with which these engravings have been accompanied, were made more for the purpose of inculcating a desire for improvement, than for presenting any rules for the guidance of such as have the intention of erecting new dwellings, or rebuilding old ones.

It would be perhaps useless to repeat those remarks here. Without enlarging upon the subject at this time, therefore, we will only say that the above engraving is presented for a double purpose. It serves admirably as a representation of the effect of taste and judgment, in the arrangement of a dwelling and its surroundings; and will be peculiarly interesting from its occupying the site of the old house in which Gen. Joseph Warren was born, and where his earlier years were spent. We remember well the appearance of the old house not many years since, but in the picture above, we recognize no features of the familiar scene, except the noble elms which overshadow the mansion.

IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURISTS.—A gardener at Glasgow practices a mode of destroying caterpillars, which he discovered by accident. A piece of woolen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant bush; and when taken out, was found covered by the leaf-devouring insects. He immediately placed pieces of woollen cloth in every bush in his garden, and found next day that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroys many thousands every morning.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*, 1819.

WHITE TEETH.—The famous Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, although entirely blind, being one day in company, remarked of a lady who had just left the room, and who was wholly unknown to him, that she had very white teeth. The company were anxious to learn how he had made the discovery, for it happened to be true. "I can think of no motive,"

said the Professor, "for her laughing incessantly, but that of showing her teeth." Dr. Saunderson was blind from infancy, but became eminent as a classical scholar and mathematician,and occupied for many years the chair of mathematics in Cambridge University, England. He judged philosophically, and from his observation of human nature, in the case of the lady's teeth; but he possessed in a degree the sense of feeling and hearing. He could distinguish true from counterfeit Roman medals by the touch. He could tell, by some effect of the air upon his person, when light clouds were passing over the disc of the sun. When he entered a room, he could judge of the size of it by the sound of his footsteps.

For the New England Farmer.

MILK.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

ORDINARY MILK—THE MILK OF SPAYED COWS.

Notwithstanding the important place milk occupies as an article of diet, nothing is more common than milk of poor quality. The conditions under which milk is produced, explain the rareness of good milk.

If we examine the milk of a certain number of cows in the country, we find united, 1st, the milk of cows that calved 10, 15, 20 or 30 days previous. (1.) 2d, the milk of cows in heat, and essentially prejudicial to health. 3d, the milk of cows with calf. (2.) 4th, and as an exception, a small quantity of good milk, that is, milk from cows that calved 5 or 6 weeks previous, and which are neither in heat nor in a state of gestation. It is therefore seen that milk is in most part of mediocre quality, or of a nature unfavorable in respect to hygiene; and yet this milk furnished by farmers, surpasses by far, the milk from cows kept in stables in the city.

The condition under which cows in city stables are kept, produces another cause, grave, serious, which greatly adds to the poor quality of milk above designated; we mean pulmonary consumption, by which a large number of cows are attacked. Has it not been stated, in fact, by veterinary physicians, that one-half, at least, of the cows kept in stables in Paris, are phthisical?

Is it not evident that such milk is not only deprived of its nutritive qualities, but is very injurious to health? And the water, which in the retail is added to this milk, assuredly does not redeem the original vices.

In regard to the alterations in milk arising from the manner in which the cows producing it are kept, it is difficult to estimate them, otherwise than by their taste. As to milk diluted with water, consumers can easily prove this fraud. A first means consists in the employment of a small instrument simple, and of small cost, called galactometer or milk weigher. Plunged into the milk, it indicates exactly, by its divisions, the quantity of water which has been added, whether a quarter, or a third, or a half; for it is not rare that milk is diluted in the latter proportion! Or a certain quantity of milk may be left to remain for six or eight hours in a cylindrical glass vase, called a guage, or in an ordinary glass. After this lapse of time, the cream which has risen to the surface, and which is distinguished by its color, reveals by its thickness, and still more by the resistance it presents on touching it, the butter quality of the milk, that is, its richness in the principles proper for the extraction of butter.

In the establishment we have founded in Paris under the name of *"Dock modele de la vie a bon marche,"* (3.) the trade in milk has extended considerably. Although the *Dock* delivers to consumers milk which is obtained from the country only, and rejects the milk which *turns* in the operation of boiling, it is often complained that the milk bought of the *Dock* has turned. We will take this opportunity to observe,

That the best and purest milk will turn under the influence of a change of temperature, improper care, and the employment of an improper pan or vase, etc. (4.)

That the administration of the *Dock* might prevent the decomposition, accidental moreover, of its milk, by adding water or the bicarbonate of soda.

But this establishment, limiting itself to selling pure milk, leaves it to the consumer to add these articles.

As it is in bad spirit to indicate an evil without pointing out the remedy; and having proved the poor and often bad quality of ordinary milk, we are happy to speakof milk of an excellent quality, which is yet unknown to consumers, and of which the *Dock modele de la vie a bon marche* has the honor of popularizing the use.

THE MILK OF SPAYED COWS.

This milk is produced from cows which, after the fifth or sixth gestation, and five or six weeks after calving, undergo an operation which consists in the ablation of the ovaries, thus rendering the cows henceforth incapable of reproduction. (5.) From this time, as happens in regard to the ox, the animal changes in nature, and its milk which we have named, milk of spayed (*lait de beuvonnes*) is free from all perturbations. The spayed cow does not undergo those disturbances arising from being in heat, from gestation and parturition; she is free from those causes which produce such evil effects in the quality of milk.

In this new condition of the cow, her milk becomes regulated, and—which is important to the farmer—lactation is maintained in full quantity for a year at least, and is prolonged, diminishing in quantity but increasing in quality, two and even three years, when she is not too old and is properly kept. When lactation has ceased, the cow, which has, by a quiet and reposed life, become considerably increased in flesh, may be delivered to the butcher in perfect condition, and the meat is superior to that of ordinary cows. By generalizing the spaying of cows after the fifth or sixth gestation, there would be introduced into common use, milk of an irreproachable quality.

The milk of spayed cows gives more cream than ordinary milk; it is also richer in caseum, which constitutes, a fact generally unknown, the most nourishing part of milk. Hence, the superior quality of the milk. The butter extracted directly from the milk, is delicious in taste. It testifies to the amount and richness of the caseum it contains.—This milk offers precious resources for the artificial nursing of infants; it might be asserted that they will be better nourished. For the nourishment of infants, who give it the preference over other milk,

(6.) we do not doubt that the milk of spayed cows will be principally used.

Such is the milk which the *Dock de la vie a bon marche* now introduces for consumption.

This milk, the production of which for a long time yet will be far from meeting the wants of those who appreciate its excellent qualities, sells for a higher price than ordinary milk. For it is necessary to pay a higher price to the farmer either to overcome by the advantage offered them, the resistance which routine always opposes to the best discoveries, or to compensate for the risk of mortality which the cow undergoes in the operation of spaying.

If, as we doubt not, the milk of spayed cows takes the place in domestic economy it should occupy, the *Dock* is assured of satisfying gradually the exigencies of the consumption, by the numerous operations it is causing to be made from the present time.

DELAMARRE,
Proprietor of the Dock modele de la vie a bon marche.

NOTES TO THE ARTICLE ON MILK.

1. It is known that cows' milk is not good for domestic use till a month or five weeks after calving; and it is well known that farmers put away their calves eight or ten days after birth.

2. This milk generally predominates, as it is common to milk into the sixth and even into the seventh month of gestation.

3. *Rue de Croissant No.* 44, *Paris.*

4. One precaution we would recommend; that is, to avoid placing the milk over a blazing fire, but to submit it to the action of a mild fire.

5. The spaying of cows was known in remote antiquity. In modern times the practice of this operation with the design of increasing the quality of the milk of cows dates back but about twenty-five years. It was applied with advantage in the production of milk, in 1830, by Mr. Winn, of Natchez, Mississippi, U. S. But Mr. Winn and his successors proceeded by the cesarian operation, which presented serious difficulties, and was often followed by the death of the animal. At the present time, by a proceeding recently discovered, a skilful veterinary surgeon, M. Charlier, executes this operation without an external incision and renders the chances of mortality much less.

6. All persons who are in the habit of tasting milk, readily recognize the milk of *spayed cows* by its more unctuous and sweeter taste.

For the New England Farmer.

PONE BREAD AND JOHNNY CAKE.

FRIEND FARMER:—Any one who can appreciate good things, must thank you for your receipt from *Hall's Journal of Health*, which tells us how to make "Western Pone Bread:" but I think there is a mistake there, or I am mistaken; please rectify, either way. You say, or rather Dr. Hall says, "the true constituents of a pone of bread are meal, milk, salt, nothing else. If you add eggs, it becomes johnny cake." Now so far as I know, or believe, johnny cake, or journey cake, is made of meal, salt and water, nothing else—at the North, baked on a trencher or piece of barrel-head before the fire, (ask the first old-fashioned country woman you see,) or at the South, baked on a clean hoe before the fire, and called "hoe cake," or between two cabbage leaves, and put in the ashes, and called "ash cake." (Ask the first aunt Dinah of the South you may happen to see.) A pone is, I think, a loaf of corn meal bread which belongs exclusively south of Mason and Dixon's line. There are many kinds—raised pone, buttermilk pone, bachelor's or egg pone, and perhaps more. My reason for thinking this is, I have never seen a northerner who was familiar with the word pone. "Corn dodge" is another nice preparation, where originating I do not know, but worthy universal use. The journey cake is made now by emigrants, and we frequently see them baking it for breakfast by the road-side. UNION STATE.

For the New England Farmer.

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

BY THE "PEASANT BARD."

I have many times thought, Mr. Editor, that there was as much "going on" among the inferior branches of the animal creation, as among the communities composed of the lords of creation, had we the disposition or the eye for its detection. Occasionally, a casual occurrence establishes me in the belief of the truth stated. Birds, for instance, have their plans, their hopes, joys and griefs; are like us subject to annoyances; have their love of frolic, and, I am sorry to add, their traits of vindictiveness. A little incident which I witnessed, afforded me much amusement at the time, and may interest some bird-lover among your readers.

I was standing upon my door-stone, picking my teeth after supper, on a yellow summer Sunday afternoon, listening to the "cheer-up! cheer-o!" of a robin in the top of an ash near by, and wondering if the little songster, so sweetly dispensing and recommending cheer, was himself ever a-weary, when my attention was suddenly arrested and turned in another direction. A wren, a lively, restless, musical little body, that had waked the early morn, and filled all the echoes of my premises by day for a week or two previous,—was coming towards the house, flying like a shot, and chattering vehemently at the same time, pursued by a large, speckled woodpecker. I "sensed" the whole business at sight. The little piratical busy-body had been on a marauding excursion, and had, in the temporary absence of the woodpecker, been inspecting that bird's domestic arrangements, household furniture, &c., in a manner by no means agreeable to the owner's ideas of propriety, or neighborly courtesy. The woodpecker was fully possessed of "one idea," and that was revenge. It was plainly developed in his motions, and in his expressive countenance. "I'll fix you," was plainly written out. "Don't you wish you were able?" said the wren, as he darted into an empty martin-box on the gable of my dwelling. The woodpecker perched himself on the apex of the roof of the house, immediately above the box; and with his head turned slightly awry, nailed his desperate looking eye on the entrance. After the interval of perhaps a minute, the wren peeped out, cocked up his eye to the enemy, and chattered most insultingly. At the least motion from the woodpecker, he would dart back again into the box.

This sort of play continued for some fifteen minutes, greatly to my amusement, and reminded me of boyish quarrels of school days; the one boy small, but "smart" and saucy; the other large and

strong, but lacking *tact* to successfully compete with his adversary. The chatter of the wren, as he peeped up at the big bird, was perfectly merry, and most tauntingly insulting; while the grim physiognomy of the woodpecker, as he bent his unblinking eye on the place of concealment, was ludicrously expressive; looking, for all the world, like a certain stern looking, long nosed, distinguished barrister of this State, cross examining and annihilating a witness.

Finally, the restless little dot, as if tired of his bo-peep play, darted forth with a tremendous rattling of his notes, and off went the savage looking pursuer after him, in the direction of a neighboring orchard; but so rapid was their flight, that I was unable to witness the *denouement*, but probably the cunning little rascal escaped the threatened and probably just punishment, on the strength of lively "mother wit;" as in the course of an hour, he was grub-hunting and chattering about his own home—a box nailed in the top of a pear tree in my door-yard—and looking as innocent and unconcerned as if nothing whatever had happened to disturb his equanimity.

TURNING IN GREEN CROPS.

Of all the numerous methods recommended for replenishing exhausted soils with the principles of vegetable productiveness, none is more successful, or, so far as expense is involved, more economical, than turning in green crops. In this process we stand in no need of the chemist's instructions; his crucibles, reagents and alembics can be of no practical advantage to us, for we can safely rely upon the vegetable matter that has grown upon a soil to produce another crop of the same. If we completely subvert the sod, at the proper season, and carefully inhume the green vegetable matter—laying the furrow slice *flat*, and take care that no interstices be left below the surface, the decomposition which will ensue will pulverize the soil more thoroughly than could be done by repeated plowings. When grass lands become "bound out," or so completely choked by the numerous grass roots as not to produce a remunerating crop of produce under the scythe, or in pasturage, they should be plowed about the first of September. If the soil is naturally poor, from ten to fifteen loads of old compost should be applied to the acre and harrowed in—passing the harrow first longitudinally, and then diagonally, but never lengthwise of the piece. The timothy and red-top may then be sowed, and covered with a brush harrow. No clover seed should be sowed at that season; the proper time for seeding with that being winter, or in April, when there is a light snow on the surface. It will thus be covered sufficiently deep, and the plant, having ordinarily a rapid growth, will be sufficiently large to furnish excellent feed for the fall. This is the only feasible method of seeding low or wet lands, which are not to be worked in spring, and from which no seeded or cereal crop can be taken which would defray the cost of cultivation. The constitution of such land requires that they should be either freed from their superabundant water by an efficient system of draining, or cultivated exclusively in grass; upon no other conditions can their management be rendered a source of profit.

By adopting the method recommended we destroy all spurious vegetation—the wild and sour grasses and other worthless herbage which so frequently befouls low lands—and secure a favorable medium for valuable products; we secure the advantage of a rolling green crop, while at the same time we obviate the expense of a fallow. The land is also laid much more level for the scythe, and secures for the benefit of the subsequent crops a bed of soil which lies much more lightly than land which has been tilled. The operation is also performed at a season of comparative leisure, and when the cost of keeping the team is slight in comparison with what it is in the spring. A crop of buckwheat, turned in when in bloom, is an excellent dressing. It is succulent, decomposes readily, and supplies a large amount of humus to the soil.

One great error to be avoided in laying lands to grass is, the allowance of an insufficiency of seed. In many mowing fields, there are not one-half the number of artificial grass plants that could profitably stand on a given area. This results, in most cases, from the evil indicated. Grass seeds are most of them of diminutive size, and, unless great care is taken in covering, even an extra allowance will fail to produce a good stand. "An intelligent farmer," says a correspondent of the *Farmers' Cabinet*, "who is fully aware of the importance of having his fields evenly set with grass roots, says, that in sowing grass seed, he first passes over the ground, strewing about half the quantity proper to be put on, and then he crosses the field, sowing the other half. In this way, he disposes the seed evenly, and is less likely to leave vacant spaces to be subsequently monopolized by weeds. This plan of sowing takes double the time to perform the work, but it is accomplished much more effectually, and amply compensates for the extra labor bestowed."

Every farmer should be indefatigable in his exertions to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. This may be easily accomplished, with proper care and industry, even on thin and most sterile soil. If the roller be applied after sowing grass seed, very little if any of the seed will be lost in consequence of non-germination; the roller will compress the soil so as to bring its particles in contact with every seed, and a supply of warmth and moisture being thus secured, the development will not only be vigorous and healthy, but equally sustained.

We had spoken of turning under *green* crops, of buckwheat in bloom, &c., but we wish to be understood that grass, or grain, or whatever green crop

is to be plowed under, should first be cut and wilted. If turned under with all the water it contains, a rapid fermentation soon takes place, which drives off the starch and sugar which the plant contains, leaving little else than vegetable fibre. Slow decomposition, and not fermentation, is what is necessary in order to retain the full benefit which the plants may impart to the soil.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

PENOBSCOT PLUM.

FRIEND BROWN:—In your paper of the 6th inst., you give a cut of the "Penobscot Plum," and say, "we cannot give the origin of the fruit, and cannot speak of its merits."

On the 4th of September, 1846, B. F. Nourse, Esq., and myself visited the fruit garden of Mr. James McLaughlin, our neighbor in Bangor, and found many natural plum trees in bearing, the object of our visit being to ascertain if any of the new plums were worthy of cultivation. We found two only that we thought were so. We were requested by Mr. McLaughlin to give names to the two varieties; accordingly we named one McLaughlin, and the other Penobscot, which met the approbation of the originator.

Mr. Nourse wrote a description of each variety, drew accurate outlines of the two fruits, and sent them to A. J. Downing, Esq., Editor of the *Horticulturist*, together with samples of each of the fruits for his opinion of them. In the first volume of the *Horticulturist*, pages 195 and 196, will be found the description and Mr. Downing's remarks upon them. I carried, personally, specimens of each to Boston and laid them before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. I have had occasion to speak of it many times since. I think the Penobscot plum will rank as "very good;" tree very thrifty, hardy, and free from disease, very productive, and a profitable plum for the market. I believe the trees have stood during the past severe winter uninjured, while many others have suffered severely. HENRY LITTLE.

Bangor, June 6, 1857.

—

ENGLISH TURNIPS.

Can you oblige me with information as to what will destroy the maggot upon early turnips?

JOSHUA BROOKS.

Concord, Mass., June 6, 1857.

REMARKS.—The slug, a little black, soft worm, and a small roundish flea, are very destructive to young turnips, and it is exceedingly difficult to destroy them. The best way to *prevent* their havoc, is, to make the soil rich, so that the plants will grow rapidly, and to keep away all weeds. Air-slaked lime, ground plaster or ashes will check the bugs, but not wholly prevent injury.

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A FINE COW.

Dea. Erastus Cole, of this town, has a cow from which he made from one week's milking, 21 lbs. 2 oz. of butter; it seemed to me to be an unusual yield. Have you heard of a cow which will beat her? 12½ lbs. of the same butter was made from four days' milking. The rest of the week she did not produce as much, on account, as they supposed, of the weather being considerably warmer, so that the milk soured. She is of the Samuel Childs breed, so called about here—part Durham.

Hatfield, Mass., 1857. C. M. B.

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DWARF PEARS.

I wish to make a little inquiry about dwarf pears. Can they be profitably cultivated for market, or are they only for the amateur gardener? Does the mere fact of a young, small tree blossoming full, exhaust it, and prevent its growth, or only where too much fruit is suffered to remain?—Should a part of the blossom buds be picked off or only where too much fruit is?

Marlboro', N. H., 1857. H. T. WISWELL.

REMARKS.—Pears, like other products of the earth, prove profitable when in a proper soil and under suitable culture; though another condition of things is necessary,—the vicinity of a city to afford a market, or so near one as not to require very extended transportation.

Most young fruit trees attempt to do too much. Blossoming and setting the fruit, of course, is exhausting, but no injury would be likely to arise from that, if the young fruit were thinned to one-half that was originally set.

—

A SORE UDDER.

Having one of the best of cows, one that gives a good quantity of milk and the best quality, and being a little troubled this season about her bag, as she has been before as soon as we turn her out to pasture, I thought I would drop a line to you, thinking something might have come under your notice which would effect a cure. Her bag seems to be hot, and stringy stuff comes out of the teats, and she loses milk fast; the teats are sore, and it hurts her to be milked. I have thought it was the garget, and have given her something for that, and have washed her bag in cold water before milking. I have thought it was something that she got to eat in the pasture, as her bag was well enough in the winter season. A SUBSCRIBER.

Grafton, May, 1857.

REMARKS.—Give the cow five drops of the tincture of aconite, morning and evening, and wash the bag in weak arnica water. Do not repeat the doses of aconite until you see what the effect of the first is. Washing the bag in beef brine sometimes effects a cure. It is undoubtedly garget in one form.

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RUTA-BAGA AND BEANS.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to inform you and the numerous readers of the *Farmer*, how I plant and raise ruta-bagas and beans. Plant on old ground; rows three and a half feet apart; furrow out deep, fill each furrow with hog manure; put on a little dirt; then sow the baga seed in drills; sow white beans in the same row, not very thick; cover one and a half inches. The beans will soon come up, and will grow tall while the bagas are quite small, and before the bagas get so large as to need much room, the beans will do to pull which can be done

without any injury to the bagas. Without any extra pains, I raised last year, on a very little over one-fourth of an acre, one hundred and eleven bushels bagas and three and one-fourth bushels of beans, besides some of each kind used in the family. If any farmer is disposed to try the above method he may feel pretty sure he will get something for his labor. A YOUNG FARMER.

North Charlestown, May 25, 1857.

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MALADY AMONG COWS.

About three months since I lost a valuable cow, under circumstances which give no information as to the cause. I gave her at night her usual allowance of hay and grain, which consisted of oil meal and cob meal. This she ate and appeared perfectly well. I then left the barn for thirty minutes or more; when I returned, she was apparently near dead; she died in about fifteen minutes. Nothing further of this was observed, until one morning lately, I found another cow dead in her stanchions. No disease was discovered, but there was a marked deficiency in her quantity of milk the night previous. The hay and grain of these cows were different. If you or your correspondents can give any information as to this, I shall feel greatly obliged. C. S.

Wayland, May 23, 1857.

REMARKS.—We have heard of another case where a person lost five or six cows, and has not been able to discover any cause for the loss.

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SHADE TREES AROUND DWELLINGS.

Your article on this subject, in the number for May 30, is worthy of consideration, inasmuch as shade trees too closely planted around dwellings must not only be injurious to the health of the inhabitants, but also to the building itself. It is a noticeable fact that when trees are too thickly planted so as to exclude sunshine and air, the outer walls will become mouldy, moss-grown, and consequently brought into a decaying condition. Such an atmosphere must, of course, become miasmatic and unhealthy.

Nevertheless, these objections should prevent no one from planting trees around their dwellings; for where this neglect is indulged, equally serious disadvantages will arise. Trees have a tendency to purify the atmosphere, by absorbing from it vapors, which, if taken into the lungs, would certainly generate disease, and if the writers alluded to in that article have known sickness produced from the too damp atmosphere occasioned by trees around dwellings, we have known miasmatic localities, where sickness was common, rendered healthy by planting out trees. The world needs no caution to neglect this matter, while the common tendency is to let the buildings of all kinds stand fully exposed to the glare of sunshine and the fury of storms, either of which in too great power, operates to the injury of the dwellings and the discomfort of their inhabitants.

As a matter of healthfulness, comfort and protection, then, we advocate the planting of trees around buildings, not only dwellings, but buildings in general, and until some new argument can be brought to capsize the results of our experience and observation, we shall continue to do so with a hearty love to all mankind and good will to our neighbors, only cautioning them not to bring trees of a large size too near, which, judging of their future by their size at transplanting, we are liable to do.—They should be sufficiently distant to allow a free circulation of air between them and the buildings, and allow the sun's rays to fall upon a small portion of each day. Otherwise a damp, sour and unhealthy atmosphere may be the result. Let them be planted with these precautions, and let the leaves which fall be removed so as not to decay around the front door, and we have little fears of any evil that may result from their location.

June 3, 1857. W. B.

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CANKER WORMS.

The best way to destroy them is to tie strips of paper six or eight inches wide, round the body of the tree, then with a pole strike the limbs, which will cause them to leave the tree, and suspend themselves by their web; then with a pole strike them to the ground; as soon as this is done, put tar upon the paper and your work is done. If the worms should make a bridge over the tar, then you must replenish the tar. The time to do the above work is when the worms are small, before they do any damage to the tree, or as soon as they are large enough to be knocked off the tree, which may be learned by close observation. The best time to knock them off the tree is from nine o'clock in the morning to three in the afternoon, in a fair day, when the sun shines; the warmer the better.

Northville, May 16, 1857. UNCLE PHILIP.

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A GOOD PAINT.

In answer to "N. P.," of South Londonderry, Vermont, "What paint is best?" here is a receipt for making paint which I have used and found a durable, cheap and economical white house paint. Skim milk, two quarts; fresh slaked lime, eight ounces; linseed oil, six ounces; white Burgundy pitch, two ounces; Spanish white, three pounds; the lime to be slaked in water, exposed to the air, mixed in about one-fourth of the milk; the oil, in which the pitch is previously dissolved, to be added a little at a time; then the rest of the milk and afterwards the Spanish white; this quantity is sufficient for twenty-seven square yards, two coats.

PEARL-GREY HOUSE-PAINT.

If a particle of blue be added to the preceding composition, or if this blue be combined with a slight portion of black, a silver or pearl-grey will be obtained. J. M. B.

Charlestown, Mass., 1857.

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A QUERE FOR DR. ALCOTT.

I have been much interested in reading the discussions in your valuable paper, and would like to ask your correspondent, "W. A. Alcott," what are his reasons for wanting his corn, wheat, &c., ground? It would seem by his statements that he would go by nature as much as possible. Did nature intend him to have his food ground, when she gave him a mill in his head to do his own grinding with? And yet he says, "he prefers to have his meal fine, if it can be made so without heating so as to take away or change a part of its nutritive richness!" I agree with him in wanting *meal* instead of *flour*, but I would like to know *why he would have his grain ground?* Is it *habit?*

QUERE.

STUMP-FOOTED CABBAGES—COAL ASHES.

In the short, pithy articles under the head of "Extracts and Replies," in your paper of the 30th ult., in answer to "A Subscriber's Son," I would say that the cause of stump-rooted cabbages and turnips is manuring with hog manure. The remedy is, manure your ground where you wish to raise them with manure from the barn-yard, and you will not be troubled with stump roots. Try it.

I would like to inquire whether coal ashes are good for anything as a fertilizer, or in what per cent. will they compare with wood ashes, for compost, or a top dressing? ARIEL.

Marlboro', Mass., June 1, 1857.

REMARKS.—Coal ashes are worth preserving, though they possess but four or five per cent. of potash.

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DO POTATOES MIX?

I have been much interested in the discussion of the question "Do potatoes mix?" Some say they do; others are equally positive that they do not. Now I am with the former. One of your non-mixing correspondents says they can mix only in the blow, and therefore the roots do not mix. I agree with him—they do mix in the blow—and there only, I think. He says, corn mixes in the blow and this changes the seed—as much as to say that the seed grows where the blow is. Pray, sir, does the corn grow on the tassel? No, it grows below it, sometimes several feet; and if corn will mix—which no one will pretend to deny—why do not potatoes mix? What possible reason is there to suppose that potatoes do not mix?

UNKNOWN.

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HAY AND MEAL.

As my father is a subscriber to your paper, I would like to inquire through it, if you consider it worth the room, which is the best mode of feeding corn meal to horn cattle—to cut hay and put with the meal, or to feed clear and dry meal, with the hay separate? G. L. T.

Chaplin, 1857.

REMARKS.—Cut the hay and mix the meal with it, by all means.

A NEW MACHINE.

We had the pleasure, a few days since, of witnessing the operation of Mr. Sanford Adams' new machine for sifting and sorting beans, &c. The machine is very simple, so much so that one wonders why no one has thought of it before. It consists of a series of sieves, like those in a common fanning-mill, the coarsest at the top, and growing finer towards the bottom, until the last one is so fine as to admit only the passage of dirt. Each sieve is connected with an inclined plane, down which the several sizes of beans, or whatever article is put into the machine, are discharged, into separate receptacles. We saw a barrel of beans sorted into three different sizes in about ten minutes, and cleansed from dirt at the same time, and were informed that they were worth from twenty-five to fifty cents more a bushel when thus assorted, than when mixed. Large quantities of beans are brought to this market in a mixed state, and are generally sold by our produce dealers in the same condition, the labor of picking them over by hand being tedious and unprofitable. By increasing the value of the commodity in so great a proportion, one of these machines will pay for itself in a very short time, and amply remunerate the purchaser. Several of the produce dealers in our immediate neighborhood have them in operation, and they give general satisfaction.

We are informed that by using sieves sufficiently coarse, potatoes, coal, and other articles of similar bulk may be assorted with the same facility.

The machine may be seen at 48 Kneeland Street, in this city.

For the New England Farmer.

THE SMUT OR BLACK RUST UPON THE ONION.

My attention was called this afternoon, (June 6th,) to a new variety of disease, fatally destructive of the onion, more apparent the present season than ever before, but not entirely unknown for the last half dozen years. I saw it on the ground of Messrs. D. & E. Buxton, and learned from them, it has appeared more or less in most of the cultivated fields within their observation. In some places it has spread over entire fields of half an acre, in others, it is limited to a few square rods, but wherever it appears it is death to the onion. Mr. B. likens it to the smut upon corn, and pulled up several of the plants, where the dark substance had accumulated in the crotch, where the first leaf branches out, so that it could be rubbed off by the fingers. What it is, or what causes it, no one knows; but, said Mr. B., if it continues to increase as it has done for a few years, it will use up our hopes of the onion. He thought it might have accrued from the superabundance of moisture of the season, but this theory is rendered doubtful by the fact, that in the same field, on the same land, parts will be entirely blighted, while other parts are free of blight. It is altogether unlike any other disease heretofore observed by these careful cultivators, and if any one can tell more about it, or how it can be remedied, they would esteem it a favor. I have called it smut or rust, terms most expressive of my idea of the affection of the plant. I do not speak scientifically, because I have no science for such a malady, any more than for the rot upon the potato. By-the-bye, in the same field where I saw the onions, I saw the Davis Seedling potato, growing with great luxuriance, its proprietors considering it far better than any other variety they cultivate; not excepting other kinds, much trumpeted of late. P.

South Danvers, June 6, 1857.

☞ About two thousand acres of wild land were sold in Northwestern Virginia, a few days since, at the rate of $2 per acre for half, and $1 50 for the remainder. The land is about forty miles from Parkersburg, within four miles of a railroad, and adapted to grazing.

For the New England Farmer.

NO APPLES THIS YEAR!

After fasting a whole year, the lovers of good apples will be very likely to notice the above announcement, which is made for the simple purpose of calling attention to the facts on which the prediction is based. Some of the readers of the *Farmer* may remember that last year I expressed my belief, or rather, perhaps, my fears, that the curculio had more to do with the general failure of apples than any untoward "atmospheric influence." Several correspondents noticed my remarks, and I have spoken with many of my neighbors upon the subject. With few exceptions, they have no share in my fears. Not one-half of my neighbors even know the curculio by sight. I have met with only one individual who agrees fully with me in the opinion that this insect is likely to prove the most troublesome and destructive foe that fruit-growers have yet encountered. That individual is CHARLES M'INTIER, Esq., whose fruit orchard, particularly of pears, is quite extensive, and is one of the "attractions" of our village, as well as a pet of its owner, who watches his trees with a keen eye. He thinks the curculio, and not the weather, destroyed his apples last year, and says it then commenced, for the first time, on his pears.

This season, soon after the blossoms began to fall, I equipped myself and boys with tin kettles, in which we made "smudges," by burning brimstone, stems of tobacco, old shoes, and such cotton waste, filled with oil, as is found on the railroad track, and smoked certain trees every favorable evening, up to last Friday night, when I noticed, for the first time, several apples that had been punctured. By way of experiment, we smoked with particular thoroughness one small Baldwin tree that had "set" quite full with fruit. The air was favorable. Our "smudges" operated in fine style. The oil hissed and sputtered in our pans, while the brimstone sent up its short, blue flame. The smoke rose in dense masses, and waved gracefully among fruit and foliage. Though we had but little faith in the efficacy of the prescription, it seemed to work so nicely on this occasion that we began to hope it might prove as successful in our hands, as, according to a correspondent of the *Farmer*, it did in the hands of an "ordained minister."

Before sunrise, the next morning, Saturday, June 13th, sheets were spread under the tree that had been thus faithfully smoked the previous evening, and the old test of "raps" was applied. The bodies —not spirits—of curculios responded; until, according to my idea of mathematics and of the reproductive power of the curculio, there lay upon those sheets, in a state of feigned helplessness and innocency, insects enough to have laid, during the season, the eggs of a dozen grubs in every apple that hung upon the tree! In fact, many of the apples have already received half that number of "hacks;" in each of which there is probably the germ of a future curculio.

Last year, my trees blossomed finely, the fruit set well, but it fell covered with the wounds and filled with the progeny of the curculio. These apples were carefully picked up daily by my boys and burned; yet the insect appears this year, I think in increased numbers, and will probably again destroy our crop of apples.

If those who believe that the scarcity of fruit last year was caused by "something in the season," shall be induced to look to their apples a little more closely, this year, for the crescent sign of the Grand Turk, the object of this article will be accomplished; and none will be more happy than myself to find my prediction falsified, next fall, by such a liberal harvest as, but for the curculio, seems now in prospect. S. FLETCHER.

Winchester, June 15, 1857.

For the New England Farmer.

"IT COSTS TOO MUCH."

MR. EDITOR:—I was reading in your *New England Farmer*, of May, when I came across an article, headed "Female Help."

Now I am a woman, and, as such, would like to speak a word or two for women! I have noticed that the communications in your *Farmer* are written principally by gentlemen, but nevertheless, I can't refrain from speaking what I know to be true. Mr. Editor, do you think it hardly fair, for this gentleman, whoever he is, to write entirely what *women* ought to do? to preach woman's duties, any more than man's? Not long ago I noticed another article written on "*Woman.*" The writer of that says, "woman should always greet her husband with *smiles*, when he comes home from his daily labor. Her influence should be pure and holy, always gentle!"

Yes, easy enough, for these simpering, foolish, "women-men," to sit by the hour together, with a cigar in their mouths, feet upon the clean mantle-shelf their wife has scoured just before, till the sweat poured off her, and preach women's duties! It's easy enough for them to *talk!* I only wish every one was obliged to have the care of a house, and all the cares that come with it, daily. If I am not very much mistaken, not many half-days would go by, before they would be glad to leave woman's duties to women. The writer of the article, "Female Help," says, "young men and women, think an ignorant Irish person can labor better than they." Certainly, they can. An Irish, or any other laborer, is more used to toil; not all—but as a general thing, their minds are not cultivated, nor do they care for any thing farther than mere animal thoughts. They can bear the fatigues of toil bet ter. Where the *mind* toils, the body ought to rest. A student can't bear the toils of a laborer. There are certain stations in life meant for certain persons. An educated, refined woman, is out of her place, when obliged to take the place of an ignorant kitchen drudge. "It saves labor," you say. By making your wife a drudge, you save *money*, but nothing more. Not that I think any lady ought to live in idleness, far from it! A woman, in whatever station she is, can perform her duty; every one ought to be industrious. There are a great many things that are to be done in a large family, that a woman ought to do, but there are a great many things, one woman ought *not* to do. Men may preach as much as they wish, about "female help," but two-thirds of all men's principal thoughts are, when the case in hand comes, is that it "costs too much!" They look upon woman only in one light, they only think how much bodily labor she can perform. Which woman "costs" the least to support? But I will be a little more charitable; not *all* men are so, thank Heaven! some have a little higher motive in marrying.

The writer mentioned one man in Massachusetts who married an Irish girl, because he could not support both an American wife and an Irish girl also. The writer, I should judge by his remarks on the subject, thought it all proper, but I must say, if the said writer was a man, (no gentleman) he can be in reality no better, nor have any higher motive than, "it costs too much!" But if a woman, I only hope she may *save* enough, and have work enough! Poor thing, don't judge every one by yourself! At any rate, did the writer think what the motives were with regard to his marrying the girl, so much out of place as it seemed she was? Did he marry her to make both her and himself happy? To make their life in this world pleasant, and teach their children to do so also? Will that tender, holy feeling exist between them that ought? Will they both love and *respect* each other?

No! he probably married the girl who could perform the most labor without assistance, and who would *"cost" the least* in the end to support! Such a man has no right to be married, or he ought to live among the Mormons, where he could have as many wives as he wished, and have them changed, if they "cost" too much! I pity the poor girl, from the bottom of my heart, whom he has married for the mere bodily labor she can perform. What will it be when she grows too weak for service? Lord only knows, poor woman! Better that you had died ere you were united to such a man!

How much better it would look to see each try to help the other. If the father of a family would, instead of laying up the *unnecessary* amount every year, try to add the few more comforts to his family. I am not speaking of our wealthy men, but those who are neither poor or rich. The poor woman that marries a poor man, expects to labor. She is willing to do so generally; the love of her husband and family is sufficient compensation for her toil. But when a man is *able*, when he only allows his wife to toil, simply because it "costs" too much to hire a domestic; then he must expect his wife, in order to take her place in society where she ought, to desire some assistance in her labors, that she might take that time for other things.

The writer of the article on "Woman," as I said before, says "the wife ought to greet her husband with smiles, on his return home." Of course! especially when that wife has not seen the inside of a neighbor's house for months, when she has toiled day and night for her family, with an infant in her arms, *"to save,"* till she has grown thin and pale by hard labor. Of course, she ought to smile when her kind and loving husband returns home, only to scold and fret, because "dinner isn't ready soon enough." "'T is no matter, if he does pull half a dozen ears of the children round her, because they laugh a little too loud! No matter, if he does not speak a word to her for a week, except to scold because something is wasted! Yes, such a man is the very one to preach woman's duties! The more a man is heard to talk of the gentleness of woman, the greater tyrant he is in reality.

Some men's only thoughts are money; they would sacrifice every thought and feeling, to gratify that insatiable thirst for money; money is in reality their only god. Thank heaven for the *few* that are not so! What better off is he who lives all his life only to save, allows no "female help," because it "costs" too much! and when his children are grown old enough, they seek another home, and almost always, as is the case, spend the more. How much happier would he feel to add the few little comforts to his family, (in accordance with his means,) and have that freedom and love with his children he ought, bringing them up with some other ideas of money, than simply to hoard it up! lead them to think their money was given them *to do good with it*, to make others happy by it. I would wish to say to the writer of "Female Help," that, as a general thing in the New England States, to say the least, there is not great waste of money in hireing help. I only wish there *was more.*

I think it would be as well, not to make his remarks quite so *general.* There is, I admit, a certain class of ladies who would be benefited by a little exertion on their part. And I would wish to say also, there are hundreds of women, who are toiling daily, where a little of the "female help" would lengthen their days in this world, (simply to gratify their miserly husbands' love of gold.)

One thing more; I would not wish any one to think the writer of this is advocating the much-detestable idea of "woman's rights," for she truly abhors the doctrine. She simply wished to say, that there is another class of beings, besides *"men."* Neither do I wish them to think it was written by a woman who has seen these things by *experience.* Not so, she is a "looker-on," not yet caught in the web of matrimony, neither quite old enough to wish to be. The experience of others is enough to make her careful. I hope Mr. "Female Help," will have work enough for his wife to do, if it was a man who wrote it; if not, I hope the woman wont judge others by herself. S.

Bangor, May, 1857.

HAY CAPS.

The accompanying letter is from one of the largest and most thorough farmers in New England, Col. J. W. Pierce.

Greenland, N. H., June 8, 1857.

AMOS A. LAWRENCE, ESQ., BROOKLINE, MASS.

Dear Sir:—There is now a prospect of a great crop of grass the present season, and if this uncertain, showery weather continues, there will be an unusual demand for hay caps, and I am so sensible of their great utility, after seven or eight years' experience, that I cannot help recommending them to my brother farmers. To be available, they must be prepared before hand; it will be too late to look for them when the shower is coming on the half-made hay.

The advantages of hay caps are so obvious, that I only wonder that the use of them has not already become universal. It is not an unusual sight, not a hundred miles from this place, upon an emergency, to see the beds of the family stripped to save the hay! Hay caps not only save the labor of drying the wet hay, which is equal to the whole labor of making when not wet, but they save the *good qualities* of the hay, which are lost by wetting. If it will be of any use, I will send you one of mine to show the fashion of making and using them.

Your most obedient, &c., J. W. PIERCE.

I have tried the hay caps for six years, and think they have paid for themselves more than once. They require care to prevent mildew, and they must not be laid away in piles when wet.

A. A. LAWRENCE.

For the New England Farmer.

ONION MAGGOT.

Messrs. Editors:—Essex says he finds trouble from the onion maggot, and fears it is an increasing difficulty; I think he is right in his belief. I am no Dr. Harris, or Fitz, but will tell him all I have ascertained about the fly that blows the onion, and the maggot.

The maggots made their appearance in this section about 1850. Many thought soaking the seed in hot water would prevent the evil, but my seed was sown when I was told of the remedy; my onions came up finely. It happened that a few old onions came up in the bed and grew very fast. After about half that came up from the seed had been destroyed, one of the old ones lopped down; I took it up by the roots, found it full of maggots, took six or seven of the largest and placed them in a clear glass bottle; a few days after I had as many nice, clean flies. I took the bottle to the onion bed and found any quantity of the same kind of flies, and the same kind as I enclose to you. I found, by watching them, that they deposited from three to a dozen eggs upon the onion top, a little above the ground. About mid-day the eggs seemed to be alive, and moved down the stalk into the ground, the top would soon wilt, and fall over. They are not satisfied with destroying my onions, but take my cabbages and turnips; they worked so bad in my turnips last year, I had none fit for the table.

If any plan can be devised to keep the fly from the onion tops it will prevent the maggot.

Contoocookville, June 8, 1857. J. B., JR.

FRUIT INSTEAD OF MEDICINE.

There is no doubt but that the free use of good fruit is highly conducive to health, and indeed, almost indispensable to it. Much of the sickness in the Western country is occasioned by the want of it. It is the great scarcity of good fruit that creates such a demand for physic, in our Western country. The various fevers and bilious disorders prevalent in the summer season, are more owing to the want of it than to any other cause. And not until fruit is generally cultivated, and used as an article of diet, shall we be rid of these disorders, which are sapping the life fountains of thousands of our farmers annually. And if fruit were administered, in many cases, as an article of medicine, instead of the physician's prescription, we have no doubt it would be far better for the patient.

Nature, in this, as in all other respects, has bountifully supplied us with varieties, which, if properly cared for, will enable us to enjoy a succession throughout the year. But fruit is not only a necessary of life,—it is one of its great luxuries. What is more enticing to the palate than luscious fruit? And as an article of diet, nothing equals it. It is easily raised, costs but little, promotes health, and is liked by everybody. Most people content themselves by cultivating but two or three varieties. This should not be so. Fruit is more needed throughout the summer season than almost any other part of the year. And the varieties which ripen at this time are least cultivated. The farmer cannot take a step which will add more to his own joys, and to those of his own family, than by having such a succession as will furnish him with fruit the entire year.

First on the list in spring time, comes the delicious strawberry. But a little spot of ground is required for its cultivation for the use of the family. Its healthful qualities are well known. Cities well supplied with it are remarkably exempt from disease while the strawberry season lasts. We have accounts of wonderful cures, effected in ancient times, by its use. There are many varieties, but it is not our purpose to note the best of these at this time.

Next in order comes the raspberry—a most excellent fruit, and indispensable to every family. Then follows the blackberry, the cherry, currants and gooseberries. Then comes the apricot, the peach, the nectarine and the plum. Apples and pears also commence ripening early in summer, and the winter varieties, if properly stored, may be kept till the appearance of fruit next season. Who will not have this succession? How much it would add to home happiness!—*Valley Farmer, St. Louis.*

For the New England Farmer.

FIRST WEEK IN ENGLAND.

BY H. F. FRENCH.

My Dear Brown:—If we could enable our readers to see all that meets the eye, here in the old country, without the perils and discomforts of a sea-voyage, there would be a vast saving of time and trouble to them individually.

Though we may not have it in our power to give others an accurate daguerreotype of our views, we may, perhaps, make some approximation towards such a result. No sane person would undertake to give an opinion, based upon the observations of a single week in a foreign land, but on the other hand, none but an insane or very stupid person could see what I have seen in the week past, without being thoroughly impressed with the differences between this country and our own, as regards the condition and character of the people, the land and its cultivation, and the animals, with their uses and treatment. A familiar sketch of my progress for the week may probably be more satisfactory to our readers at home, than any more elaborate attempt. After the various perils of which I wrote in my last letter, we met with no serious accidents in our voyage, excepting that we lost our propeller about six hundred miles from Liverpool, and were obliged to go under sail the rest of the way, and that we had a storm in the North Channel that came near wrecking our ship, followed by a calm, which kept us two days in one spot! I do not believe that, since the expedition of the Argonauts, more perils and trials have been crowded into one voyage than fell to our lot. However, we landed at Liverpool on the 22d instant, and for the encouragement of others, I will add, that I have had not a moment of sea-sickness since we set sail, though this was my first voyage. I had left home

when the trees were leafless and the air chill; we came into the harbor of Liverpool, in a day bright and warm, and the beautiful grounds opposite the city were covered with verdure, and the trees were loaded with foliage. I walked out immediately from my hotel, alone, without a guide or particular object, to see green trees and hear the birds sing once more, and forget the sea and the ship which had been our prison for three long weeks. I came, by accident or instinct, upon a beautiful spot, known as St. James's Cemetery. A hedge of hawthorn, close and green and carefully cut, surrounded it. I walked through the spacious avenue of trees and flowering shrubs; it was almost evening, and a thousand small birds were singing their vesper hymns. In the tops of the old oaks were hundreds of rooks, cawing and hopping about, and occasionally, in a flock of fifty or more, wheeling off into the air, and back to their nests again. Underneath the spreading branches a group of merry children were playing, two little girls swinging a rope for a third to jump. I stopped and listened a moment to their sweet voices, and passed on. In front of a church was a smooth shaven lawn, starred all over, like the blue vault at night, with a little flower I had never seen before. "Are those the English daisy?" I asked of a gentleman who was passing. "Certainly, sir, they are," he replied, "you must be a stranger in the country, not to know the daisy." "This is my first day in Europe," I replied; and then I told him I was an American, and without further introduction, he proposed to walk with me over the city, and we walked and talked until the light of day was gone, and then I sought my hotel. I was awakened at the dawning of the day, by the song of a bird near my window, which was partly open, a song which I had never heard before, but I knew in an instant that it was the note I had always longed to hear, that of the sky-lark, the morning songster of the old English poets, whose praises are so exquisitely sung by the poet Shelley. They proved, on inquiry, to be caged birds hanging under my window, which still greeted the dawn with their joyous song, though they could not rise to meet the rays of the sun before they touch the earth.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

I shall hear them in their native homes before I see my own again.

I might tell of the famous docks at Liverpool, of my visit to the old town of Chester, and attending service on the Sabbath there at the old cathedral, more than a thousand years old—of the walls which surround the town, built of stone, from twenty to forty feet high, and eight or ten in thickness, and about two miles in circumference, but I should never end my letter, were I to more than hint at these subjects.

At Chester, I met with two gentlemen from Lincolnshire, two fine specimens of English farmers, men whom I hope to find representatives of a large class of Englishmen. We made acquaintance in the railway "carriages," as our cars are called here. Finding they were close observers of the agriculture of the route on which we were travelling, I, without hesitation, introduced myself to them as an American desirous of gaining information on agriculture in England.

Now, we at home are in the habit of regarding Englishmen as especially reserved and unsocial. I have read of one who gave as a reason for not rescuing another from drowning that he had not been introduced to him.

My first impressions, upon personal experience, merely, would be that they were the most social, open-hearted, accommodating people in Christendom. The kindness of my new friends certainly did much towards giving me this impression. We dined together at the hotel, and they then informed me that they were going for agricultural observation, mainly, into North Wales, for a day or two, and insisted that I should go with them. Although my luggage had gone to London by express, excepting a small travelling bag, and my costume was not very captivating, I was rather pleased with the idea, and when they mentioned the Vale of Llangallen as their first stopping-place, I could resist no longer. The old song,

"While the maid of Llangallen smiles sweetly on me,"

decided the matter. Besides, Llangallen is on the river Dee, and we have all heard the song,

"The moon had climbed the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,"

and the hills on our rout, are famed for their picturesque beauty. So we took the train about twenty miles through a beautiful country, across into Wales. We saw fine fields of wheat, according to my notions, but my Lincolnshire friends had a much higher standard than I, on that point. Most of the wheat in this country is drilled, and comes up very even and regular. In many fields, we saw companies of women and children weeding the wheat. It is considered bad husbandry to allow any weeds to mature in the wheat crop, and my friends were not sparing in their reprobation of any tenant who allowed the wild turnip, or any similar weed, to be seen among the wheat. We noticed large fields of beans, in drills, carefully cultivated by hand. They are much used all over England for nearly all kinds of stock. Acres and acres of peas are also to be seen, all along the lines of the railway, the whole length of the two hundred miles from Liverpool to London that I have travelled. Vetches or tares are also much used, and cut at this season for green fodder for horses and cows. Upon all these crops, I shall have more to

say, when I have had better opportunity for investigation. I have a strong suspicion that my countrymen may add several new crops to their present list with great profit; but it were premature to give more than a first impression.

I kept in company with my new friends about three days; during which we talked diligently about the agriculture of the old and new world, and I feel that my education in British husbandry made a good beginning with them. Perhaps I cannot give our friends at home a better idea of the mode of farming in general in this country, than by stating what I learned of one of these gentlemen about his own operations on his farm.

Nearly all the land in England is owned by a few large proprietors, mostly the nobility of the country. These lands are farmed, as it is called here, that is, leased to persons who are called farmers, usually at a fixed price per acre. Generally, they who cultivate the land are not the owners of it, as in our country, though the leases usually are for long terms, frequently twenty-one years. Of this matter, it may, perhaps, be convenient to write more particularly at some future day. The gentleman named is what is here called an English farmer; one of a class who live in good style, and do not labor very hard with their own hands—men of good, practical education, though not usually scholars, or students. He rents about one thousand acres of land, and pays for it annually about twenty-two shillings, equal to five dollars and a half per acre, besides taxes. What would a New England farmer think of himself, to undertake to pay five thousand five hundred dollars a year in cash, for the use of a thousand acres of land? Yet many English farmers pay twice, and some four times as much rent per acre, and make money in the operation, I have long known the fact, and to ascertain how it is done was a main object with me in my visit to Europe. My friend has this year two hundred and fifty acres in wheat, two hundred acres in turnips, and about one hundred and ninety in barley. He says he ought to have one sheep to every acre of his farm, but does not always come up to that number. I will not undertake now to give more particulars of his statement, because I have accepted a very urgent invitation to spend some days with him at his home, during the summer, when I shall have an opportunity to solve some of the mysteries of paying these enormous rents. A single item will indicate that there is some money circulating in such hands.

He says his wheat crops should yield about thirty bushels per acre. This would give on the two hundred and fifty acres, seven thousand five hundred bushels, worth about one dollar seventy-five cents per bushel, or $13,125 in all. I am drawing near the end of my sheet, though I have hardly begun my story of my first week. I will say in brief, that I rode thirty-five miles by horses, and some sixty by rail, in Wales, visited the famous bridges across the Menai Straits, called on the "king-maker," at old Warwick Castle, on Shakespeare, at Stratford-on-Avon, and on his Anne Hathaway, at Shattery, saw "Peeping Tom" at Coventry, sat under an old arch at Kenilworth Castle, while the heavens wept in a plentiful shower over its departed glories, and then came to this great Babylon; of all which matters I have many things to say, when I have opportunity.

London, England, May 29, 1857.

BE ACTIVE.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Be active—be active—
Find something to do,
In digging a clam-bank,
Or tapping a shoe.
Don't stop at the corners,
To drag out the day—
Be active—be active—
And work while you may.

'Tis foolish to falter,
Or lag in the street—
Or walk as if chain-shot
Were bound to your feet.
Be active—be active—
And do what you can;
'Tis industry only
That maketh the man.

'Tis industry makes you—
Remember—be wise—
From sloth and from stupor
Awake and arise.
You'll live and be happy
And never complain
Of the blues or the dumps,
Or a dull heavy brain.

THE DEAD SEA.

The old story, that no creature can live on or near the Dead Sea, is exploded. The last traveller in that region, a French *savant*, writes as follows: "From the summit of the mountain which we have just described, this strange sea, which all writers describe as presenting the most dismal aspect, appeared to us like a splendid lake, glittering in the sunshine, with its blue waves gently breaking on the sands of the softest beach. Through the transparent water appeared a white tint, which enlivened the shore. We guessed at once that this appearance was owing to the salt crystalized under the water, and, when near, we find that our conjecture is right. Are we now to be convinced that no living thing can exist on the shores of the Dead Sea, as has been so often repeated? We ascertain the contrary fact the very moment we touch the shore. A flock of wild ducks rises before us and settles on the water out of gunshot, where they begin sporting and diving with perfect unconcern. As we advance, beautiful insects show themselves on the gravelly beach; rooks are flying and screaming among the rent cliffs of the steep hills which border the lake. Where, then, are all those poisonous vapors which carry death to all who venture to approach them? Where? In the writings of the

poets, who have emphatically described what they had never seen. We are not yet five minutes treading the shores of the Dead Sea, and already all that has been said of it appears as mere creations of the fancy. Let us then proceed fearlessly forward, for, if anything is to be dreaded here, certainly it is not the pestilential influence of the finest and most imposing lake in the world."

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

BLACK ANTS.

Can you, or any one, tell me how to exterminate black ants, without injury to the shrubs and plants under which they have colonized? I have tried, without success, all the published remedies I have seen,—tobacco-water, snuff, strong quassia, whale oil suds, lime-water, potash-water, turpentine, camphor, cobalt and molasses, arsenic, red lead and sugar, strychnine and sugar, &c. I have thinned them occasionally, by catching them in coarse sponges baited with sugar, and plunged in hot water. They eat the poisoned sugar and molasses with good appetite and apparent impunity. If it kills any of them, they are eaten by the survivors, as I find no dead ones. Camphor seemed to kill a few on the surface, but I cannot make it reach their nests, and it is expensive. In different colonies, they now possess about two-thirds of my flower garden—are under the box edgings, peonies, rosebushes, paths, &c., and will have the whole. Young ducks and chickens avoid them, and I saw a toad hop away from one. Box turtles do not thin them.

Providence, 1857. W. J. P.

GUANO AND SUPERPHOSPHATE.

I want to mix guano with water, to put round my beets and cabbages; in what proportion shall I mix it, and how long must it stand before it is used? I have heard it said that guano is not good for cabbages; is it so?

You recommend superphosphate of lime for turnips. Last season I tried it, and received no benefit from it; there have been tons of it used in this neighborhood, and people say the bags were worth more than their contents. I have heard but one man speak in favor of it, and he has not bought any this season. S. D.

South Hanson, 1857.

REMARKS.—Put two or three pounds of guano to a barrel of rain water, and use sparingly until you observe its effect. Your own careful experiments will be the best guide.

Thousands are enabled to speak favorably of superphosphate on the turnip crop. It is not in our power to tell why it has not done well with you. Were your observations and comparisons close and careful?

SALT FOR PLUM TREES—THE BORER—CATERPILLARS—FRENCH GRAPES.

Allow me one word on matters that are so ably discussed by you and your usual correspondents. My careful observation and experience have confirmed my belief in the salt remedy as the true and only one for the cure of the warts on plum trees. The surgical theory is a barbarism.

The borer is unknown in Lower Canada, but the curculio we know too well; and the caterpillar of the apple tree, whose butterfly deposits its eggs in the shape of rings on the small branches, seems indigenous, and is our worst enemy in the orchard. We pick off quarts and bushels of those rings in March and April, before they hatch. A few escape our vigilance, and produce their ugly broods, under the influence of the sun in May; we then crush them with gloves, or touch them with a sponge soaked in spirits of turpentine.

We, the Laplanders of America, are surprised that the culture of the best French grapes is so much neglected in the States. With proper manuring, *pruning and training*, we *always* ripen the Sweetwater, and its better varieties, the *Chasselas de Fontainebleau* and *Chasselas Dore*, and they ripen even before the Isabella; and yet, the latter is generally supposed, with you, to be the hardier. We are obedient to "the order of the day," and trying therefore the *Sorghum Saccharatum!* J. P.

Montreal, June 4, 1857.

DISEASE IN ONIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—Since I wrote you about the malady or disease upon the onions, which for want of name more scientific I called smut, I have learned other facts, which may be worthy of notice.

1. It is not limited to lands on which *guano* has been used as a fertilizer.

2. It is more apparent on ground where the onion has been grown for several years successively, than on new grounds.

3. It is none the less fatal to the crop than I first apprehended.

4. Unless something can be done to stay its spread, it must essentially modify the culture of our grounds. No man can long afford to lose his labor and his crop also—especially when beefsteaks are twenty cents per pound, and flour ten dollars per barrel.

South Danvers, June 12, 1857.

WARTS ON HORSES' EARS.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you, or some of your numerous readers who may know, inform me through your valuable paper how to cure warts on a horse's ears when they are as large as one-half of a hen's egg, and of such shape that they cannot be corded? They are raw at times, bleed, and so sore that the horse will not let any one touch his ear, if he can avoid it. What is the cause and nature of such warts? A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Milford, N. H., May 30, 1857.

YOUNG LADIES WELL EMPLOYED.

As I was passing, to-day, the residence of a gentleman well known in this and several of the adjoining States, I saw two young ladies, his daughters I presume, in his orchard applying a burning torch to the nests of caterpillars upon his apple and cherry trees. I waited long enough to see that the application was entirely effectual, wherever it was tried. Perhaps there was some degree of negligence in allowing these nests to accumulate so as to be conspicuous to the passer-by, but it is none the less creditable to the ladies, who had the perseverance thus to remove them. I inquired how they prepared their torches, and was told that it

was only necessary to wind a piece of worthless rag about the end of a pole, and saturate it with turpentine, and apply a lighted match to it. One such preparation would answer for all the nests upon a tree, unless they were more numerous than any person, having any regard to his reputation as a farmer or a gentleman, would be willing to have around.

If girls generally would do likewise, they would save their credit, and their apples also.

South Danvers, June 10, 1857.

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CRANBERRIES ON UPLAND.

I noticed in *N. E. Farmer* of the 9th instant, an article signed "Essex," on the "Culture of the Cranberry." I want to raise cranberries on upland sandy soil. I want to know how to start the bush, where they can be obtained, and any information in relation to the culture. Your correspondent "Essex" recommends the perusal of the report of the Rev. C. C. Sewall, on this subject, contained in "Transactions of the Norfolk Society." Can you send me a copy of that Report? P. N. HYDE.

Hydeville, Rutland Co., Vt., 1857.

REMARKS.—We have not a copy of the Report alluded to. Perhaps our obliging correspondent, "Essex," will furnish an account of the best mode of cultivation.

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WHAT PAINT IS BEST?

In answer to N. P., of South Londonderry, Vt., *What paint is best?*—I painted my house in Athol, Mass., two years since, with one part white lead, one part gypsum or plaster of paris, and one part lime, ground together in oil, the same as lead paint. The above makes a good white, and stands the effects of the weather well, and is a cheap and durable paint. C. W.

Indian Orchard, 1857.

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COMPARATIVE SPEED OF HORSES AND OXEN.

Two farmers in France, recently made a bet about the speed of oxen and horses with the same load for the same distance, 23 kilometers, (about 12 miles.) A four-horse team was attached to a wagon with 10,000 pounds of best root pulp (for sugar.) The oxen were two yoke with a like load. The horses beat them only seven minutes, and would themselves have been beaten, had they not been the best in the country. Time, 3 hours, 6 minutes; 3 hours, 13 minutes. Now come to a *just* conclusion of the value of oxen over horses for economy of the farmer. L. M. HILL.

June 10th, 1857.

P. S. Do inform us of something in the way of syringing, or some other way of making havoc among spun worms, canker worms, rose-bugs, etc., at the present time.

A HINT FOR THE SEASON.—The simplest and best way of preserving woolens through the summer from the destruction of the moths, is to wrap them well up, after brushing them and beating them, in cotton or linen cloths. The moth can pass neither. Two covers well wrapped around, and secured from the air, will be effectual. An old sheet will answer, and save all expense of camphor, &c.

SALT FOR PLUM TREES.

It is now almost impossible to cultivate any kind of plums in this climate, unless salt enters liberally as an ingredient into the compost applied to them. When this article is used in conjunction with house-ashes, there appears rarely to be much difficulty in producing good and healthy trees, which ultimately prove highly productive of fair and well-developed fruit. When trees are set in situations in which the application of compost is not feasible, or where it would subject the operator to considerable fatigue or expense, salt, in its crude state, may be applied; or it may be dissolved and poured around the roots. If plum trees were carefully washed down once or twice a year in a weakish lye, and supplied with two or three quarts each of salt—care being taken to retain the soil around their roots light and free from weeds, we should hear far fewer complaints of want of success in this department of pomological enterprise. No fruit commands a more ready sale or a higher price in the market. Good plums are at present so scarce as to render them a luxury, and those who have valuable trees in good bearing, are realizing a heavy profit from them. Let those who have trees profit by the above suggestions; they indicate the only legitimate course to be pursued.

For the New England Farmer.

BEE MOTH—STATE OF MAINE POTATO.

MR. EDITOR:—Although you have a correspondent who is now writing on the subject of bees—and whose long experience in their management entitles his opinions to great respect—allow me to say a few words on a subject connected with Mr. Quinby's, and which he may not take up for some time to come. I am well satisfied from my own management of the honey bee—whether they are domesticated in a rough box or a "splendid" patent hive—that there is no such thing as a moth-proof bee-hive; a moth can enter anywhere that a bee can, and generally does so enter, whatever may be said to the contrary, notwithstanding. Now, there would be little trouble in keeping bees, if they were not disturbed by the moth; all other troubles or difficulties combined, compared to the moth, are about in proportion as a drop of water to the ocean. Now the question is, how to get rid of them if they have already got in, and if they have not, how shall they be kept out. I am often asked "why it was that some of our older bee-keepers were seldom or never troubled by the moth; they used nothing but the old box-hive—and made pretty rough at that?" My answer is—that under the *brimstone* treatment of bees one will not often be troubled by moths, if he is careful to select for this kind of management,—and this was the rule and is now, where this course is followed—his poor and weak stock.

Now the first way of getting rid of moths and of keeping rid of them is, to keep the stock as strong and healthy as possible; no one thing is more im-

portant than this in successful bee culture. The second method is, care of your stocks; keeping everything about the establishment nice and clean. This is one reason why I fancy those hives with an arrangement for easily removing the bottom board of the hive, in order to inspect the inside of the hive if necessary, and for cleaning the same. It saves a vast amount of very hard work for the bees. The gentleman of whom I first bought a swarm of bees gave me a secret with the same for preventing the moth: it was tobacco. And from one season's trial with it, I am favorably impressed with its use. Take common chewing tobacco, cut it in thin slices, and introduce it at the entrance of the hive, say three slices—two inches square. When its odor is gone introduce more, and continue it through the season. He paid ten dollars—you have it for what it is worth—which is as cheap as I got it. At this season of the year and so on through the summer months, the bottom board should be removed and cleaned twice a week, and every stock visited once a day; ten or fifteen minutes is time enough for as many hives. Care in this business, as in every other, is one-half of the battle to success.

STATE OF MAINE POTATO.

I see by the last *Farmer* that one of your correspondents in the western part of the State "is in love with this potato." I rejoice at this. It is highly spoken of, praised, &c., by many; and this was the reason why I gave my experience with it; if others are more successful and it suits their taste, all right—only we differ—that's all. If I were going into farming largely, I should now try any other kind but the "State of Maine." I have this year planted some dozen varieties, and shall report progress by-and-bye. One sure way of getting the truth is for each to tell what he knows, and only what he knows. Most farmers are intelligent enough to do this. Yours, NORFOLK.

King Oak Hill, June, 1857.

For the New England Farmer.

CHEESE.

MR. BROWN:—"A farmer's wife" wishes to know "the whole operation of cheese-making, and the best manner of taking care of cheese during the summer."

It is hardly to be expected that a beginner, as I presume the one who makes the inquiry to be, will meet with complete success in her first efforts in this line—but I have found the following process, which is nothing new, perhaps, to most of your readers, attended with as little work and as satisfactory results as any other which I have tried.

The night's milk is strained into a tub standing under a window which is left open during the night; sufficient rennet is then added to bring the curd in from thirty to fifty minutes—never less than thirty minutes. It is then checked with a cheese slice and allowed to remain during the night. In the morning the whey which has risen is taken away, and the remainder dipped carefully into a cheese basket to drain. The morning's milk is then strained into the tub and rennet added as before.

In the course of two or three hours the morning's curd may be added to the night's, and when both are thoroughly drained, (and by the way this draining process should never be hurried, if you would preserve the best qualities of the cheese,) water not quite heated to the boiling point should be gently poured upon the curd, which has been removed from the basket to a clean tub or jar. This should remain at least five minutes; it should then be returned to the basket and gently pressed in the cloth till quite dry and free from water, when it should be cut fine and salted; a common teacupful of salt is sufficient for a cheese weighing fifteen pounds. It should be pressed two days, and turned twice while pressing. When removed from the press it should be "swathed" with a cotton bandage, turned and rubbed with butter or bacon fat each day.

If the cheese room is kept sweet, dry, cool and not too airy, cheese made in this way will never "crack," and if they do not crack, the "Farmer's Wife" need not fear a host of "cheese flies."

If, however, with proper care and attention the cheese should have the meanness to crack, just cover the same with a piece of tissue paper, or very thin cloth, and bestow upon it, as Mrs. K. said, "your best epithets." E. F. G.

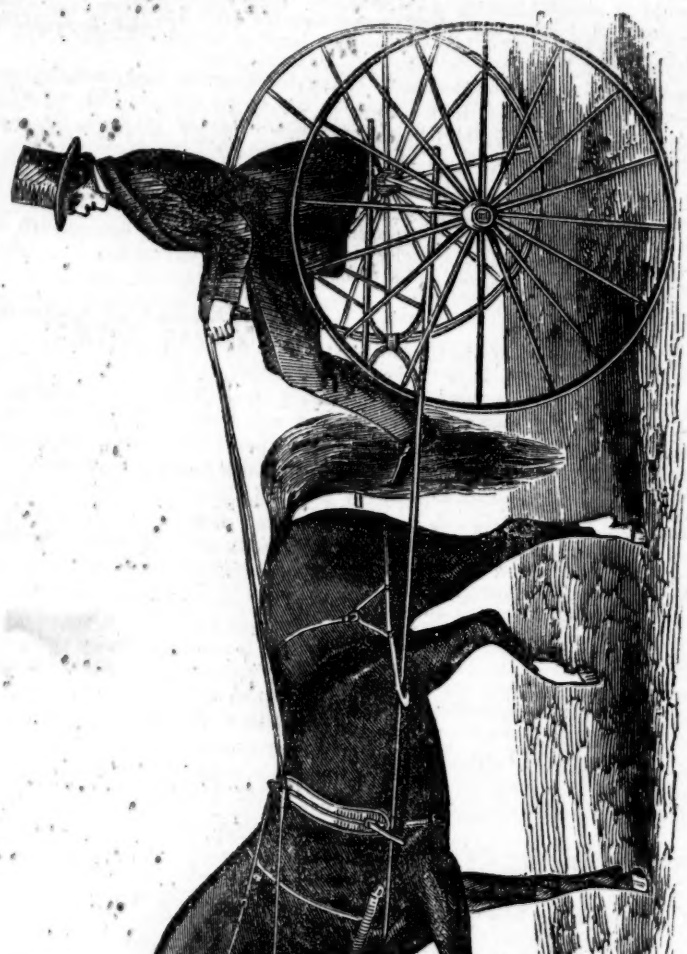
May 31.

IMPROVEMENT OF LAND BY SOWING CLOVER.

L'Hommedieu remarks that he succeeded in thoroughly improving a piece of poor land which produced only moss, fern-finger and a few daisies, by sowing upon it clover seed, four quarts to the acre. "It gave a tolerable product and improved the land." L'Hommedieu considers this method preferable to sowing clover with grain, upon very poor land, as the grain exhausts the fertility which the soil possesses, and the clover is consequently starved. This hint is worthy of observation. It is frequently found that in cases where clover and other grass seed is sowed with spring grain, the young plants start vigorously, but afterwards wholly disappear. This is to be attributed to the exhausting and stifling effect of the grain, which overtops the plants, and deprives them not only of air, but of the requisite amount of nourishment from the soil. To obviate this, many farmers are in the practice of sowing their grass seed without a crop of grain.

MR. FRENCH—LETTER FROM ENGLAND.—We present, to-day, the first of a series of Letters from England, written by our Associate Editor, Mr. FRENCH. The reader will not fail to observe the closeness of his observation, or his familiarity with the writings of British authors describing the singular beauties of that elder land. A blooming daisy, the note of the skylark, or the voices of children, arrest his attention, and fill him with emotion, as well as the vale of Llangallen, the walls and cathedrals of ancient Chester, or the banks of Avon and the home of Shakespeare.

Mr. French's robust health, his scholarly acquirements, his love for agricultural pursuits, aided by his ease and suavity of manner, will gain him troops of friends, and combine to render his letters of the most interesting and instructive character.



FLYING MORGAN, THE SIRE OF ETHAN ALLEN,
NOW STANDING AT CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

For the New England Farmer.

BEES.

In the *N. E. Farmer* of June 6th, Mr. Cheney asks, "What ails my bees?" Your answer and advice is so different from what I would give, (having abundant experience in that line,) that I am induced to offer a few remarks. I would say first, that I have several hundred stocks, and do not suppose that a half dozen in the whole number are exempt from the moth-worm. And yet I do not expect them to destroy a single stock; neither do I think it necessary, at present at least, to transfer any to prevent destruction. The fact is, the moth is often unjustly accused; the real difficulty nine times in ten, when losses occur, lies beyond the moth-worms, and the loss of the stock ought not to be attributed to them, any more than the death of the horse or ox should be, when their putrid carcass is consumed by the larva of the flesh-fly. In one case, putrid flesh is the natural food, in the other, the waxen combs of the bee-hive. The mother, by her instinct, deposits her eggs where her young will find proper aliment. An exposed hive, containing combs without bees to protect it during the summer months, is like animal flesh, without life, and is sure to be sought out by the moth, and its contents devoured. When no such stock can be found, the next best place to deposit her eggs, (for they must be deposited somewhere,) is as near the entrance of the populous hive as she dare venture—to enter among the bees of a thrifty stock is too great a risk. Some of her eggs will get among the combs of nearly all the stocks, probably are carried in accidentally by the bees, but on the method I will not speculate here. When the stocks are good, the bees are continually dislodging and woking them out. The worms often work a passage through combs containing brood; the bees, to get at them, must unavoidably remove some,—as in Mr. Cheney's case.

The worm, to escape from the bees, gets under the bottom of the hive, or any other place that will afford protection from his tormentors. I have frequently raised a hive that was standing close to the bottom board, and found from twenty-five to fifty secreted there. They are easily scraped out and destroyed. I have no fears of such stock being destroyed by them, if the bees are numerous; and the worms being found there, argues that the bees have energy, or the worms otherwise would stay among the combs. Many worms may be destroyed, by laying split pieces of elder, with the pith scraped out, flat side down under the hive. They will gather under them to spin their cocoons, and may be easily removed and killed. By thus destroying all that can be found, Mr. Cheney's bees can probably be saved without transferring, in which case, the combs will not have to be removed, an item to the stock worth twenty pounds of honey. I would further say, that a stock so weak at this season as to allow the moth to obtain access in numbers sufficient to destroy the combs, would constitute a family too small ever to make a stock when transferred,—something is wrong preceding the moth.

This is not the season for extensive operations. July and August are the worst months of the year. A great many old stocks swarm too much, leaving too few bees to defend the combs. Many of the after swarms are too small to repel them successfully; many of the old stocks and some of the swarms lose their queen; they soon run down, and are quite sure to be invaded and destroyed. Transferring them is no advantage whatever. Several weak ones should be united, and if they possess a queen, something may be expected.

Whenever a family of bees become reduced from any cause, so that they are unable to cover their combs properly, after say the 10th of July, a speedy destruction by the moth may be expected.

The aparian who expects to succeed, should know at all times the actual condition of every colony and swarm. If no remedy can be applied to give it courage or strength, it should be broken up at once, and the contents saved; unless he wishes to convert it into a mammoth moth-breeder. There are occasional instances where a stock has overswarmed, and yet possess a healthy queen. By removing a part of the combs, leaving only what the bees can protect, it is sometimes possible to save it, but it requires very diligent attention, and after all, there will be many failures to one successful effort. Uniting the weak ones is usually the safest.

The great secret of successful bee-culture lies in *knowing how to keep strong families*—this involves a full knowledge of their natural history, the study of which some bee-keepers would find advantageous.

M. QUINBY,
Author of Mysteries of Bee-keeping Explained.

St. Johnsville, N. Y.

For the New England Farmer.

KIND TREATMENT TO HORSES.

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast." Every wise man, every economical man of understanding, is likewise merciful to them. Abusive treatment of horses, and cruel management and usage of them, are a waste and destruction of property; whilst the kind care, and merciful and judicious management of animals, preserve their spirits, and strength and lives, and thus preserve their value.

The horse is, by nature, well disposed; is easily trained, when treated kindly by a person capable of instructing him; by one that can impart to the horse an idea of what he is to do, and how he is to do what may be desired of him. He is also somewhat excitable, irritable and timid. Excitement and fear are destructive and injurious to the animal as to the human frame. The horse, especially, will be more docile under kind than cruel treatment. Whatever labors are performed and exertions made under the whip, are usually so much to the injury of the horse, thus forced to exertion. Whatever excess of loading a horse is forced to draw, under the lash, above what he can easily draw, is so much to his injury. Whatever increase of speed is gained by the rider or driver, by the aid or instrumentality of the whip or spur, is only an advantage for the time being, and to the future disadvantage of the owner. It is a wearing away of the strength and life of the animal to force his speed beyond his voluntary and natural swiftness of motion. To compel him to draw more than he can easily draw, injures his value, also. It is economy, and wisdom, and humanity, and mercy, too, to carry light loads for the team. If a person wishes to transport much weight of materials, he should have a horse of suitable size, or a number of horses, to move the load easily.

If a person wishes to travel at the rate of ten miles an hour, he should have an animal that can transport him easily at that rate, and not keep a

horse that cannot easily go more than eight miles an hour, and force him ten miles an hour with a whip. The continual snapping of the whip excites and worries the horse. The horse, to labor much, or travel much, should be well nourished and cared for. Some persons are so unwise and inhuman—have so little knowledge of economy, and are so ignorant of their own interests, as to think it more profitable to miserably and cheaply provide and care for the horse, and force him to work or to speed with the whip, than to spare the whip, and increase the feed.

It is pleasing to notice that the horse railroad companies have dispensed with the use of the whip. That instrument of cruelty and injury is not seen upon the car. It is more pleasant to ride in the car, because the ear is not pained with the frequent abusive or unwise use of the whip. In the days of omnibusses, the whip was more brutally or cruelly used than now. It is agreeable to walk or ride in Tremont Street, now, as the cars have banished almost entirely the use of the whip. Drivers of other carriages do not, seemingly, dare use the whip so much there as formerly. The whip has ever been highly injurious to omnibus horses. If a man has a slow horse, it is to be hoped that he will exchange him for a more speedy one; or a weak one for a strong one, if he desires more strength or speed, rather than use the whip to effect his desire. P.

For the New England Farmer.

WANTED, A PULVERIZER.

"The mechanical working of the soil is the simplest and cheapest method of rendering the elements of of nutrition contained in it accessible to plants."—*Prof. Liebig.*

A desideratum in agriculture is an implement or machine which will thoroughly pulverize a portion of the soil. Too much importance can hardly be attached to the thorough pulverization of the soil.

The impalpable powder is alone active—no other part has any direct influence upon vegetation.

Jethro Trull, an eminent English agriculturist, claims, that if the soil is pulverized well, manure may be dispensed with.

It was said that Whitney, by his cotton gin, "trebled the value of land, created capital, rescued the population from the necessity of emigrating, and covered a waste with plenty." But a greater service to the country will that inventor do, who shall give us a machine which will pulverize and reduce to powder, a portion of the soil in our fields, thereby "rendering the elements of nutrition contained in it accessible to plants." E.

Royalston, Mass.

☞ Messrs. J. J. Adams & Co., brush manufacturers, at 99 Washington St., have sent us a sample of *waste hair*, which seems to be admirably adapted for mulching. Hair is well known to be cooling and retentive of moisture, and would make a valuable article for mulching purposes, if not too expensive. For rose bushes, shrubbery, and for use in garden beds where straw and common litter would be too coarse, hair seems to be just the thing. Any one disposed to try it can be informed as to its cost on application to the above firm.

For the New England Farmer.

RECORDS OF THE WEATHER.

Mr. Editor:—In looking over old Almanacs, I find the following, among other things, set down with pen and ink in the margin of their pages:

SNOWS IN MAY.

1799. May 8 and 12, some snow.
1803. May 8, snow.
1807. May 9, snow.
1812. May 4, snow.
1815. May 8, snow.
1816. May 15, snow fell 2½ hours.
1823. May 4, snow.
1825. May 2, snow.
1832. May 25, remarkably cold storm with little snow.
1842. Hail and a little snow on the 20th.
1855. May 9, little snow.
1856. May 4, snow at half past 8, P. M.

Remarks.—It thus appears that snow has fallen in May for 12 years out of 58.

FROSTS IN SUMMER MONTHS.

1794. June 16, frost.
1800. June 6, frost.
1801. June 7, frost.
1806. June 2, frost.
1808. June 16, frost.
1809. Aug. 9 and 19, frost.
1816. June 4, 7, 9, 10 and 11, frost.
1816. Aug. 19, 21 and 22, frost.
1816 was the coldest season known in this century. September 1, frost, and on the 28th hard frost that completely killed and destroyed all the corn, it being green and soft—some not half grown. July 8, a large spot seen with the naked eye in the centre of the sun. Seen also again October 1.
1817. June 1, hard frost. 2, little frost. 17, frost. Aug. 24, little frost.
1819. July 5, little frost. Aug. 24, little frost.
1826. June 17, frost; severe drought, no rain of consequence from April 20 to June 24.
1834. June 15, little frost.
1835. June 22, frost. Aug. 3, frost.
1836. Aug. 10, 21, 22 and 24, frost. On the 24th, hard enough to kill corn and potatoes on low ground.
1837. Aug. 24, frost.
1840. June 5, frost.
1842. June 1, 2, 3 and 4, frosty mornings. 7, frost in low land. 13, hard frost.
1843. June 2, frost.
1845. June 1, frost. Aug. 29, frost.
1849. June 13, frost.
1851. June 6 and 19, frost.
1855. Aug. 31, very hard frost that killed corn, potatoes, &c. Thermometer 28° at sunrise.
1856. June 1, ground white with frost.

Remarks.—Thus there appears to have been frost in some of the summer months, (principally June,) for 23 years out of 62 years. The spring this year, (1857) was rather backward, the apple trees were not in full bloom here, in Mansfield, till the 30th of May. For 60 years, beginning in 1798 and ending in 1857, there have been but four years so late: namely, 1812, 1837, 1838, and 1850.

Most respectfully yours,

Mansfield, June 8, 1857. Isaac Stearns.

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

The above pithy expression is no less correct than the many proverbs in our language, which take their date from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, but which, unfortunately, are too familiar to meet the attention due to their intrinsic worth. More than ten years extensive experience has convinced me that hay can be made *only* when the sun shines, and that, however beautiful their theory, and however excellent their plans may appear on paper, those writers who advocate any other mode of curing hay have not submitted their principles to the test of experience, and judge too entirely from a superficial view of the subject. My practice has ever been during summer, to have my men employed by or before the rising of the sun, but on no account would I permit one of them to use his scythe. A part of my men unloaded the hay left in the carts the preceding evening, and the others ground scythes, and prepared for the labors of the day. The stock were cared for, and all arrangements so made that no hindrance might occur after all hands began to work at hay. As soon as the dew was principally off the grass, the whole force were brought to bear upon the mowing, and in two or three hours, (with a mowing machine in much less time,) the lightest being cut while a little dew was still upon it, as much grass was cut as could receive due attention. By this time also, it had all been tedded. It was then immediately set out for winrows, and tedded, and turned continually without a noonspell, (for the sun shines brightest, and the hay makes fastest from 12 to 2 o'clock,) until 2 or 3 o'clock, P. M., when, if the day proved fine, much of it was fit to cart. The carts were immediately loaded while the hay was warm, with those portions which were best cured, and placed in safety in the barns. The portion of the grass thus cut not sufficiently cured for carting, was placed in cocks, in which state it remained until the next day, when, in good weather it was generally in excellent order for carting without further labor. The whole business was completed by the time the dew began to fall.

Such is the general system for the day. It is an old maxim among farmers, that if, on any day, there are to be showers, their prognostics will be distinctly perceptible by or before eleven o'clock, A. M. Should the weather have an unfavorable appearance, less grass is cut, and the whole force is applied to the making of the hay. Under this course, for several years, I had scarcely a load of hay wet. The advantage of the course lies in the wonderful rapidity with which hay may be cured, if cut *after* the dew is off, especially if it is thoroughly tedded and turned, that it lies light on the ground, pervious to the gentlest breezes. A northwest wind and a clear sun have a most astonishing effect upon hay thus tended.

I am satisfied by full and long continued experience, that grass cut early in the morning, while loaded with dew, cannot, by the most sedulous attention, be made as dry in the whole day, as it would have been if cut as soon as the dew was off, in half an hour's proper tending. In fact, I would not thank a man to cut my grass while the dew was heavy upon it, as I am convinced more labor and more time would be required to make the hay, than to cut it at what I think the proper time of the day, and then make it. I have never gained any thing by putting myself or my men to any heavy labor before breakfast. The vigor and energy of the system is impaired very materially for the whole day. The maxim which I have taken for a motto is the best possible rule. Have all implements in proper order, and all things in readiness as soon as the dew is off, and the sun shines clear, to make hay, and work steadily and constantly, until he ceases to shine, and you will accomplish an amount of labor unparalleled in any other course.—*Homestead.*

REMARKS.—The above confirms the statements we have often made, that hay may be got in, in excellent order, the same day it is cut. Indeed, a large portion of our own is so managed; but in such case, it must have a hot sun and be kept in motion often. We think there is much more injured by *overmaking* than by not being cured enough.

For the New England Farmer.

ONION CULTURE.

MR. BROWN:—Since I first called your attention to the malady that threatens the onion crop—and the plants have advanced from three to nine inches in height—I have noticed its progress with care, and am now able to describe it with precision. It is noticeable by the experienced eye, at several rods distant; giving a sickly, faltering aspect to the plant. On a more close examination, it will appear discolored, with a black and blue aspect, and in some instances, the stem will burst open, and a dark sediment will ooze out, that can be rubbed off. Wherever this is seen, the plant lingers and dies. The disease spreads rapidly, and is contagious in its character. On ground where it has once been, it is sure to appear again. I have seen it on the grounds of several experienced cultivators, but on none so extensively as those of the Messrs. Buxton, Bagley and Wilson. Mr. J. B., the inventor of the "onion hoe," which you have heretofore noticed with approbation, and which is indeed a labor-saving implement, worthy of notice, doing three times the work in the same time, and in a much better manner than can otherwise be done—calls the affection the *black vomit*; it is indeed as offensive in its appearance, and fatal in its operations as is this malady to persons. Perhaps I have already said too much on so *small* a subject; but as it is our chief means of living, when this is interrupted, we are approached in a tender point; and, therefore, you will not be surprised if we squirm a little. SOUTH DANVERS.

June 15, 1857.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—An individual has pretty industiously circulated the idea that the *New England Farmer* is *unfriendly* to the Board of Agriculture. We understand the weakness and vanity which has prompted such an idea, and shall feel obliged to unmask them if his insinuations are continued.

No men more highly appreciate the labors of the Board, and their liberal expenditure of time, money and talent, than do the Editors of the *Far-*

mer. We have a high regard for each and every member composing it, and feel, and have often expressed, an earnest desire to co-operate with them, and promote the objects of their association, both as an individual, and through these columns.

If there have been criticisms of our correspondents upon the operations of the Board, they have come from some of its warmest friends and supporters, and have been made in a spirit of fairness and candor, and have never been complained of, to our knowledge, by any member of the Board.

We make this simple statement merely to place the members of the Board on their guard against any insinuations of the character we have mentioned. They need no assurances of our personal regard, or of the desire of the *N. E. Farmer* to aid them in their commendable efforts whenever it is in our power.

To the individual who makes himself a little nervous on our account, we have only to say, *Nosce teipsum.*

For the New England Farmer.

PEARS ON QUINCE.

From my present experience in the cultivation of pears on the quince, I should not plant them where there is room for standards. It is true they generally bear earlier than standards, although there are some varieties of pears, which if worked on their own roots, bear nearly as early as others on quince, besides insuring the owner with certainty and permanency. These early bearing kinds are the Bartlett, in particular; the Flemish Beauty, the Seckel, the Winter Nelis, and others. But after planting all the standards the lot will admit of, pears on quince are interesting, ornamental and valuable.

It is said that dwarf pear trees will last twenty or twenty-five years. If they are set as cultivators now recommend, they may last five or ten times that number of years. But to do this, they must acquire pear roots, which they will, if planted deeply, below their junction. Unless they are thus planted they are more likely to die, and in all cases they need the best of culture, and a very deep soil. When a person has a peculiarly mellow spot in his garden, it might be well to devote it to dwarf trees to the exclusion of standards, as the latter will do well in soil more ordinary. One objection to dwarf trees is the fact that borers prey upon their roots; but a standard pear tree gives its owner as little trouble, if not less than any other of his trees.

The pears on quince imported from France, growing in very rich soil (as their appearance indicates,) if placed in an ordinary soil here, their growth is greatly checked, and near the junction the bark will begin to die in patches, and the trees will linger in feebleness, and finally perish, to the disappointment of the owner. Yet so they are treated by many who set them.

There are some kinds, also, which do not seem to do well on the quince. The English Jargonelle is the only one I wish to allude to at present. The French propagate a great many of this variety as dwarfs, because, perhaps, it is a great grower, and throws out a vigorous and handsome leaf. Three of this kind which I have set, have all nearly perished, while other sorts have done well.

The dwarf tree, cultivators have said, may be planted within eight feet of each other; but if they are to be set favorable to re-rooting, so that they will gradually pass into standards, this space seems hardly sufficient. Discretion in this matter should be exercised.

Respecting the success of and profits from dwarfs, under proper cultivation, I forbear saying anything, but refer the reader to the admirable reply of Col. Wilder to Mr. Stoms, touching this subject.

West Medford, June 15. D. W. I.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOEING.

Hoeing is that minor operation in tillage of which plowing may be considered the foundation, and which is to be followed up and be completed by the cultivator, the roller, and the harrow. The two great objects to be attained are the most perfect sub-division of the soil, and the truest cleanliness. In the one case it can only for the most part be accomplished before the crop is sown; but in the other, it can be proceeded with while the crop is growing, and with the greatest prospective advantage to it.

The true principles of hoeing consist in the minute sub-division of the soil, the aeration of the soil, and the extirpation of weeds from the surface.

Jethro Tull says that "as soon as the plowman has done his work of plowing and harrowing, the soil begins to undo it, inclining towards and endeavoring to regain its natural specific gravity; the broken parts by little and little condense, unite, and lose some of their surfaces; many of the pores and interstices close up during the seed's incubation and hatching in the ground; and, as the plants grow up, they require an increase of food proportionable to their increasing bulk; but, on the contrary, instead thereof, that internal superfices which is their artificial pasture gradually decreases. The earth is so unjust to plants, her own offspring, as to shut up her stores in proportion to their wants; that is, to give them less nourishment when they have need of more; therefore man for whose use they are chiefly designed, ought to bring in his reasonable aid for their relief, and force open her magazines with the hoe, which will thence procure them at all times provisions in abundance, and also free them from intruders, I mean their spurious kindred, the weeds, that robbed them of their too scanty allowance." Thus wrote Tull one hundred and twenty-five years ago; and those quaint and homely phrases contain the pith of the whole subject. Hoeing—deep continuous hoeing, judiciously applied—does surprisingly advance the growth of plants. It prevents the soil regaining its natural solidity. It keeps open the soil, and by breaking and sub-dividing it, causes it to present innumerable surfaces, or crevices, into which the young rootlets will penetrate, and extract their daily food as it is required; whereas if no new surfaces, interstices, are presented, the plant has to force its own unaided way in search of this food, which much retards its progress by exhausting its powers upon a given spot too long. But if the soil is constantly stirred, sub-division goes on, and new particles of soil are brought into contact with the searching rootlets; besides this, the very tread of either man or horse

will so shake and jar the earth around as to open many pores, into which the roots will find a way, long after the operation of hoeing is of necessity given up, and thus the crop is progressively and safely brought forward to maturity.

THE AERATION OF THE SOIL.—This is one of the most important principles involved in hoeing. It is an undoubted fact that the "roots increase their fibres every time the earth is stirred about them," and consequently the plants themselves grow the faster, providing, of course, fair judgment is exercised in directing the operation. This manifest advantage can only be attributed to the supply of food thus communicated to the plants by promoting the admission of atmospheric influence into the soil, its sub-division and repeated stirrings making a new and plentiful "internal superfices" in it.

THE THEORY OF THE FOOD OF PLANTS.—The modes by which it is supplied from the soil, from the artificial aids now generally adopted, and from atmospheric influence, as also the appropriation of these various life-giving properties by the plants, is somewhat beyond the sphere of inquiry of a practical farmer; but if my readers would trouble themselves to read upon the subject, they will find the the simple fact as I have stated it. The great object, therefore, in hoeing, should be to provide a deep, loose soil, contiguous to the plant, for the reception of their food from the atmosphere, that the near and spreading rootlets may be induced to possess themselves of it; and the corresponding one should be with a view of providing a large extent of internal superfices or openings, in and around which the plants can fix their rootlets and obtain food.

THE EXTIRPATION OF WEEDS FROM THE SURFACE.—Cleanliness is indispensable to good cultivation; hence, one great principle in hoeing is the eradication of weeds. Weeds will grow everywhere, and they will grow apace; they must be kept down, and, if possible, destroyed. Hoeing—repeated hoeing in all its varieties—is the best method discovered for the destruction of weeds during the growth of the crop. In row culture it is an admirable adjunct to agriculture; and in broadcast sowing it may be advantageously adopted—the horse-hoe for deep culture, the hand-hoe for surface work.

There is something very encouraging in the consideration of these principles, the mere outlines of which I have but pointed out. If the surface of the earth or soil is left untilled neither air nor moisture can be imbibed to any extent. The evening's dews are taken up by the morning's sun. Hoeing or stirring the soil is the great means of its replenishment, and the faster the plant grows, the more and deeper hoeing it requires, and which it ought to to receive so long as it can be given without injury being sustained by the operation itself. The continuous hoeing will, of course, insure the destruction of innumerable weeds which would otherwise invest the soil, partially exhaust it, and damage the crop, besides leaving a large progeny for future condemnation. Hoeing, then, is the greatest means to promote the full and healthy development of the latent powers of the soil, by its continuous breaking up and sub-division of the gradually consolidating soil, by its rendering admissible every atmospheric fertilizing agency, and by the destruction of every obnoxious and intruding weed. —*Mark Lane (Eng.) Express.*

For the New England Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

MR. EDITOR:—Can you inform me when the compilation and publication of the returns made by the agricultural societies of the Commonwealth commenced? I have an impression that it was about the year 1845 or 1846—at the suggestion of the model farmer of Plymouth—Mr. Allen, of Pembroke, as he was denominated by that chief of farmers, the late Daniel Webster.

I am desirous of obtaining a complete series of these publications from the commencement for the use of the library here, recently established by our munificent benefactor, whose name is abroad through all the land.

If I do not mistake, some of the papers then put forward, with no pretence of authority or knowledge, will be found to contain as much useful information as others which have since appeared. There is such a thing as being "more nice than wise"—at least such has been my impression, when I have turned over page after page of publications that will never be looked at, except by children to see the pictures. SOUTH DANVERS.

June 24, 1857.

REMARKS.—The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture may be able to supply your wants.

For the New England Farmer.

THE CHIMNEY.

MR. EDITOR:—The number of fires in the United States during the past year, and the loss caused by them, which, from the most reliable computation, is not less than $27,000,000, should incite inquiry in relation to the best means of avoiding or preventing, if possible, like calamities in future.

The incendiary, without doubt, has had a busy hand in the work of devastation; yet, much may have been charged against him, of which he is not guilty, if we consider the risk and danger of fires, to which most buildings, both in the city and country, are exposed from the defects and imperfections of their chimneys. It may in truth be stated, that not one chimney in ten will be found, after a careful examination, to be free from all danger of fire. Owners of real estate should examine frequently the condition of their chimney flues, and where cause of danger is found, remove it in season. Many families live in perpetual fear of fire, when a few dollars judiciously expended in rebuilding a broken and crumbling chimney, would insure them comfort and security.

All chimneys built of old bricks are unsafe. Such materials may be worked up in ash or smoke houses, but, having lost their most valuable qualities, they should have no place in the chimney. Who has not, during a day's ride in the country, observed neatly painted dwelling-houses, with all their fixtures comparatively new in appearance about them, except the chimneys, the tops of which were literally in ruins. It was reasonably inferred that, when the old houses were torn down or removed, the owners, to save expense, caused the chimneys to be built in the new, of the old bricks. In illustration—the chimneys of two churches in neighboring villages have recently fallen to pieces; one of which cases occurred during Divine Service, in consequence

of the defect alluded to; and it may be calculated from a multitude of similar cases, that an immense loss is sustained, in addition to that of the calamitous fires, by the practice, which seems to be gaining favor with country gentlemen, of building their chimneys of old bricks. These have but a questionable value any where; in the chimney they should be regarded with suspicion, as a source or cause of fires.

Unless the whole weight of the chimney is to rest on the timbers of the building, no part of it should thus be supported. With the best materials, a chimney flue may be rendered defective and dangerous, by resting a *part* of the wall on the beams over which it is carried. Space should be left under projecting bricks to allow the masonry to support itself; whereas, by laying the wall partly on the timber, the least settling of the work, or shrinking of the beam or joist, leaves the wood exposed to the direct action of the fire within.

There are, probably, many chimneys, which, if they were broken away in front, so that the rear wall of the flue could be examined, would be found completely separated under the beam; thus leaving a space to be filled with combustible materials, ready for the fire. It may be asked, "if this is the case, why do not such buildings more frequently burn?" They will certainly burn, whenever a fire within is so violent as to counteract the inward draft of the flues. The danger of such defective flues, is greatly increased where chimney caps are used, as sufficient space is not open above the wall, to permit the flames a free course upward, in case of violent burning; consequently, the heat, by the obstruction, is forced *outward*, and thus sets the timber on fire. With well-constructed flues, the chimney cap or cowl is, without doubt, a valuable improvement.

The loss of many valuable buildings may be plainly attributed to the usual careless and slovenly manner of inserting and "fixing" the stove pipes. In the country, very few stove pipes are perfectly secured in the chimney; it being the usual practice to fit them in soft mortar, at their first setting, which is necessarily broken when the pipes are removed for cleaning, and when replaced, the soft mortar, if not on hand, is dispensed with, and pieces of dry mortar supply its place. In such cases, it is not an uncommon occurrence to find carpets in upper apartments on fire; indeed, the utmost vigilance is required by the faulty and insecure setting of such stove pipes. In the progress of improvement stove pipes will not be entered in the chimney at all; it being more safe and convenient to adjust and secure them on cast iron collars, fitted on the outside of the chimney. Such arrangement has facilities for closing the aperture when the stove pipes and collars are removed, by an iron plate or slide; and as the collar, when in use, can be made to fit nearly air tight, there can be no danger of the escape of sparks of fire from the flues.*

It is not generally known that wood ashes, taken up cold and placed in bulk or quantities, are liable to burn again, and if kept dry, will, after a time, take fire from a live coal or spark, and burn to a red heat throughout! In two instances, the writer has witnessed this; in each case the building would have been burned, but for the timely discovery of the fire. How unsafe, then, must be the practice which prevails in many families, of storing ashes in the fire-place, having fire-boards in the front, or indeed, in any place where danger of fire from such a cause might be apprehended.

Chimneys are usually too large, yet the eye accustomed to compare the size of these with that of the building, is ready to condemn a small funnel, as out of all proportion. Practically, the use of the chimney is to convey away the smoke. If it does that well, it is no matter how small its dimensions are. For effect, in perspective view, a balcony is vastly more elegant than a large chimney, and, in the end of years, it may be much cheaper. The small flue has less surface inside to burn out than the large, affords more space in the building, and if commenced on upper floors, has less weight to be supported on the timbers.

In city buildings, it is well for each stove pipe to have a distinct and separate funnel, where such an arrangement can be conveniently secured, and these may be so combined as to appear in the chimney top in the usual form. The advantages of such separate flues cannot be too highly estimated, when it is so easily demonstrated that only a part of the chimney can burn out at one and the same time.

Unless the room must be occupied during winter—and such is not often required in country buildings—it is a bad arrangement, for stove pipes to enter the chimney near the roof of the building. In such cases, the heat thrown off from the pipe, with a few hours' sunshine on the roof, will cause the snow to melt, filling the eaves-troughs, and forming large icicles beneath. To this daily melting of the ice and snow, may be attributed the early decay of the shingles, which so often require renewing on country houses.

From the scarcity of workmen in many places, very young persons—mere boys, wanting in experience, and still more in judgment—are permitted to build chimneys of costly buildings. In case of fire in such buildings, ought not the owners to blame themselves for not attending personally to the work, or securing workmen whose skill and *honesty* would render all fire-proof? Very few chimney flues are finished smoothly within, the untouched mortar forming ragged projections, on which are caught the dust and sweepings thrown in the stove. Were there no lodging places afforded for such combustible materials, the danger of burning of the flues would be greatly lessened or avoided.

Such are some of the defects of the chimney, built in the usual way, and many more might be remarked upon; to which may be attributed many of the fires, which, in the brief notices of the public papers, are assigned to causes "unknown." It is well to provide the best of materials, without regard to the cost; also to follow the advice of the most skilful workmen, and when the work is completed in the best manner, the chimney is not too safe from all danger of fire.

Geo. Babcock Clarke.

Leonardsville, N. Y., 1857.

* The writer of this article has invented and caused to be panted "The Chimney Safe," for securing the stove pipes, and otherwise improving the chimney; which device, by the ingenuity of the furnacemen engaged in its manufacture and sale, will greatly aid in rendering buildings secure, where it is used, from fires. See monthly *Farmer*, for Jan., 1857.

Varnish for Rustic Garden Seats.—First wash the woodwork with soap and water, and when dry

do it over on a hot sunny day with common boiled oil; leave that to dry for a day or two, and then varnish it once or twice with what is commonly termed "hard varnish." If well done it will last for years, and prevent any annoyance from insects. Now is the time for varnishing such seats.

For the New England Farmer.

LETTER FROM MR. FRENCH.

London, England, June, 1857.

MY DEAR BROWN:—Having to-day attended a Flower Show held by a horticultural society at Chiswick, near London, and having spent most of the day wandering among the varied beauties of the place, it seems to me that some attempt to transfer to the columns of our paper the impressions now fresh in my mind, may be worth my time and that of our readers. Chiswick is the name of a beautiful seat of the Duke of Devonshire, about five miles from the central part of London. Here, it is said, Fox and Canning both died, and the place has the appearance of considerable antiquity. There is nothing in the particular features of it to which I shall allude, that distinguishes it from many other country residences of the nobility of England, but I have thought that a somewhat minute description of the points which struck my eye at first view, might illustrate the costly and magnificent style with which a wealthy aristocracy are accustomed to gratify themselves and the public. The public, to be sure, in this instance, will be understood to be used in a somewhat restricted sense, when it is stated that the lowest admission fee to the exhibition, which consisted chiefly of flowers and horticultural implements, was one dollar and a quarter, and they who failed to procure tickets before they came to the gates were charged one dollar and seventy-five cents. Still the grounds of his Grace the Duke were freely opened to all who were admitted to the exhibition, of which number I happened to be one, through the favor of a friend who presented me a ticket.

Of the flowers, I will attempt no description.—They seemed to me far to surpass anything I have ever seen in my own country. A few hot-house peaches, not equal to many that grow in all our gardens, attracted much attention. Strawberries larger by far than any I have seen in Boston, were upon the tables; the variety known as the British Queen afforded the largest specimens. The horticultural implements, which were thought to be worthy of special attention, can be matched at any agricultural warehouse in Boston. A little machine for mowing lawns, and sweeping up the grass at the same time into a box, would be convenient to us in America, though the prices, which ranged from twenty to one hundred dollars, according to size, might induce an economical Yankee to continue to cut his lawn in the old way until he could invent some cheaper machine. The machine is pushed by hand and cuts by knives set diagonally in a cylinder like some of the hay-cutters.

But it is of the gardens and ornamental grounds that I intend chiefly to speak, to give some idea, if possible, of a nobleman's residence.

The house is large and low, with no great pretensions to beauty. Indeed, so far as I have observed, there is not so much attempt at architectural show in dwellings in general in England, as in America. The surroundings of the house are beautiful beyond anything that we can imagine in our new country. I will only attempt a few features of the landscape that struck me in my hasty view. A broad gravel driveway leads up to the principal entrance. On the one side is a hedge of lime trees, cut square at the top and sides, with the branches interwoven so as to present a nearly solid surface of verdure, some fifteen feet in height. On the other side of the carriage way, at perhaps eighty feet distance, is a double row of lime trees, some twenty feet apart; these two rows are trained across at the top so as to form a covered archway of leaves, forming an arched bower, some twenty rods in length, leading up towards one of the principal windows of the palace, as perhaps it should be called. The limbs of the limes are bent down and fastened with wires, and interwoven at the sides so as to form living walls of some three feet thickness, and as if to show what art could do, another archway, high and broad enough for a carriage road, is cut across this bower, the whole work being almost as regular as masonry. Near in front are huge dark yew trees, more like our hemlock in color and foliage than any other of our forest trees, though of an irregular, lower and more spreading form. At the end of the vista, between the lime trees, upon a pedestal, is the huge marble or stone figure of a gladiator, and along on either side are busts of ancient sages and heroes. A huge goat of stone dark with age, probably from some classic model, is reclining in the shade.

Everywhere, the grass of deepest green, soft as velvet, and almost as even, spreads a beautiful carpet beneath the feet. On the opposite front, the occupants look out upon a lawn, open near the house, but passing into a varied scene of beauty beyond. A figure of a wild boar, and opposite to this a huge wolf, show their teeth, and almost howl aloud. Two or three gigantic yew trees stand upon the left, with their long, heavy, lower branches resting on the ground.

Upon the right, nearest the mansion, is a large, irregular group of lofty oaks, horse chestnuts and beeches, and other trees, with swings and hammocks suspended beneath them, a pleasant playground for children of almost any age.

Directly in front, beyond a considerable space of smooth lawn, in the midst of a broad walk or drive

way, a band of music on this occasion played for the entertainment of the thousands of "fair women and brave men," who were seated on benches and chairs in the shade, or wandering in the labarinthine walks around. Still beyond, as one looks from the windows, is seen a semi-circle of closely planted willows, of some hundred feet span, in the back ground of which, in deep shadow, upon pedestals, three colossal human figures of marble look gravely down upon the vanities of life beneath them, while on either side, to complete the semi-circle, are stone seats at regular intervals, and busts of ancient sages; among which are those of Homer and Hesiod, with their names inscribed in Greek characters beneath.

Still further to the right, separated somewhat by irregular groups of trees, are beds of flowers, and at the opening of the wood, as if by accident, a figure of Venus, upon a pedestal some twenty feet high, meets the eye; and farther on, is a dark wall of about fifteen feet height, having the outline of a castle wall, with here a projecting round tower, and there a curved recess in the wall, the curves as regular, and the angles as sharp as if of brick and mortar. This wall is of living trees, of dark green like our hemlock, covered with verdure from the ground to the summit, cut square on both sides and on the top, with occasionally an arched doorway through it, leading to the grounds beyond. Looking out at the angles, is here and there seen a stone bust of some classical personage, almost hidden in a frame of evergreen, which is cut away to form a little niche about him.

A little way on is a clean gravel walk some three hundred feet in length, and perhaps ten in breadth, between straight living walls of this same hedge, about twelve feet high, which is called yew, although it seems not to be like the large yew trees. At the end of this walk stands a small temple, with a marble figure, hardly discernible in the distance. I walked alone down the dark unvaried avenue of sombre evergreens, and as I approached the temple, recognized the figure of Napoleon, alone in his glory.

In another part of the grounds are extensive green-houses, full of rare plants and flowers, in front of which is a most beautiful flower garden, laid out in somewhat regular forms, in beds full of masses of single varieties of flowers, all, it seemed, at once in full blossom. But of the flowers I will not attempt a description. Thronging this part of the grounds were the noblemen and ladies of England, most of whom attend the Chiswick show, and the people of England, wherever I meet them, are a more interesting study, even, than her trees and flowers. Turning from the crowd, I struck into a narrow path into a dense wood. In a few moments I was alone, in a forest of huge horse chestnuts and elms and oaks of a century's growth, and covered with English ivy from the ground to the branches, filled with a thick undergrowth of holly and laurel and oleanders, tangled like a "forest primeval" of our own country. Alone, I walked on, on, it seemed a half mile, determined to see the end of the path, till the music of the band died entirely away in the distance. There was scarcely a mark of cultivation—except that the pathway, which was only wide enough for one person, seemed to have been newly swept—till I emerged from the shade upon an extensive meadow, where cattle were quietly grazing around a long irregular pond, in which were swans, sailing majestically on the surface. I retraced my steps in part, and turning off, came to a bridge of elegant architecture, about which I found many of the company carelessly strolling. Passing along another path which ascended a hill, I observed a long series of arches, resting on round pillars of some two feet diameter, all of solid living green of the yew tree, and under each arch, a small tree cut into a regular pillar, all as systematic as if of stone. Upon careful examination, I perceived that rods of iron supported the arches, and long branches were trained out, and bound to these rods to form the covering. A little further on, was a hill or mound, some twenty feet high, appearing to be composed of laurel, and I should have passed it by as merely a pointed group of trees, had I not suddenly noticed a half dozen young girls quietly perched on its summit. I presume upon a mound which they ascended by a hidden staircase.

But I may as well close abruptly. My purpose has been to give some idea of the refinements in landscape gardening, and rural ornament, so common in England; and which make the homes of England's nobles so delightful. Doubtless my hasty sketch from memory is full of inaccuracies; but if it fails to give a correct idea of Chiswick Place, it will give some slight impression of what is everywhere seen about these old mansions and castles, and give our countrymen some hints for the adornment of their more simple though happier homes.

H. F. F.

Toads in the Garden.—Never destroy the toad. We are assured that "nothing is made in vain," and a very slight knowledge of natural history will show us that even the toad—the most universally depreciated of all reptiles, perhaps, with the exception of the viper—may be of some use. In the first place we discover that toads feed on all kinds of grubs and worms; consequently they serve to protect the vegetable kingdom from the ravages of its most insidious and destructive foes. The pestiferous canker worm is a favorite food with him, and he devours, indiscriminately, all kinds of garden-grubs, and in large numbers, for his dilating powers and capacity of deglutition almost rival those of the anaconda. Craving only the protection of a turf or chip, he labors incessantly for man's benefit, and demands for his invaluable services no

guerdon as a reward. The antipathy cherished by some towards the toad, is the consequence of perverted views, and should be corrected. In itself is is a source of misery to those by whom it is indulged, and the cause of cruelty to the innocent and inoffending. Hence it is a disgrace to our nature, which, illuminated by the divine scintillations of science, should see beyond the blinding mists of prejudice, and recognize the wisdom and goodness of Providence even in its most abject creations.—Cowper, the poet of nature, discourses admirably upon this subject.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

EFFECTS OF CLOVER HAY ON ANIMALS.

Some late writers have taken the position that clover hay produces a most injurious effect on domestic animals, particularly horses; and that to this cause the great increase of diseased horses is to be attributed. We lately heard a farmer affirm, that he believed the introduction of clover hay into general cultivation the greatest curse yet inflicted on the country, and assigned as a reason for this singular opinion, its effects on animals when used as a fodder. Late English writers have attributed to this kind of hay the prevalence of heaves in horses, and the great increase of other diseases that effect the respiratory organs. This is a most important subject, and should receive a full investigation. Clover is too important a plant to be discarded or condemned, except upon the most satisfactory evidence. Its value as a fertilizer and a preparative for wheat, to say nothing of its use for pasture and hay, would demand that it should not be condemned unheard. For ourselves, we have very little belief in the injurious properties assigned to clover. We have used it constantly for pasture and for hay, more than thirty years, and never, to our knowledge, has any animal suffered from it; certainly, no horse has been taken with the heaves when fed on it, or while in our possession. As hay for sheep, we have considered it unrivalled, and should have no fears that any stock would not winter well, with a supply of well-cured clover hay.

And here lies, we think, the great source of objection to clover hay. It is too often imperfectly cured. To save the leaves and the heads, which are apt to fall in handling or curing, the hay is put into the barn while the large stems are full of moisture or the natural juices, and the fermentation which ensues causes the whole mass to become damp; and if not spoiled wholly, it becomes mouldy, black, and when used raises such a dust, it is no wonder that horses and cattle are choked or their lungs destroyed. Our experience shows that clover may be perfectly cured without losing any of its valuable parts; cured so that when fed out, no more dust will be flying than from timothy or herds-grass, and we shall be slow to believe that from such hay any injury to animals ever ensues.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

REMARKS.—We desire to enter an earnest protest against the doctrine that clover hay, properly cured, is injurious to the stock of the farm; on the contrary, it has proved a signal blessing to man. The belief is certainly gaining ground that clover hay, as a crop, has been too much neglected; and that if the interest of the farmer were well understood, a much larger quantity would be raised than has ever yet been produced. Though neglected to be sown by man, it often comes in spontaneously, and gives us the most ample crops. Such is the case the present season; some of the most luxuriant crops we have ever seen, are now, June 30, on the ground where not a single clover seed has been scattered by the hand of man for many years, if there has ever been one. It often shows itself in fields long kept in other grasses, until all the fertilizing powers of the soil seem exhausted, and barrenness and poverty prevail. The clover then comes with its recuperative power, clothes this nakedness in "living green," and soon not only covers the earth with a luxuriant crop, but perfumes the air with the fragrance of its rich and beautiful blossoms.

According to our own somewhat extended experience, there is no hay equal to well-made clover, both red and white, for feeding sheep.

In another column we have given what we consider the best mode of curing clover for hay.

For the New England Farmer.

UNDERDRAINING.

I am pleased to witness that the cultivators of Essex County are to be favored with an opportunity of obtaining earthen pipe of best form, and every variety of dimensions, without transporting the same all the way from Albany. Mr. Joseph W. Reed, a potter of South Danvers, has prepared himself to supply any quantity of pipe that may be sought, on terms most reasonable. The clay of this region has long been well-known for its strength and susceptibility of complete finish; it is the same that has been so extensively used for the making of household utensils of various kinds, called Danvers crockery. I have seen six varieties of these pipes, that appeared to be made in the best manner; and understand that one of the best experienced farmers in Marblehead has already contracted for 25,000 feet of them, to be made the present season.

Much of the land on our farms is susceptible of great improvement, by underdraining; and I shall not be surprised, if crops are doubled, in the course of five years, by reason of this process. I have known more than *sixty tons* of cabbages grown to the acre, on land underdrained the year previous, where *thirty tons* had before been viewed as a large crop. While on my way to view Mr. R.'s works, this afternoon, I learned, in addition to the smut upon the onion, of which I have before spoken, that the maggot is making great ravages, so that the chance of having our soups seasoned with onions, is becoming wonderfully less.

South Danvers, June 20, 1857. P.

VINE BUGS.—I preserved my vines last year from the ravages of this little pest by placing little wads of cotton saturated with spirits of turpentine among the vines near the roots, using care not to have them touch the vines. The turpentine should be renewed from time to time.—*Genesee Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

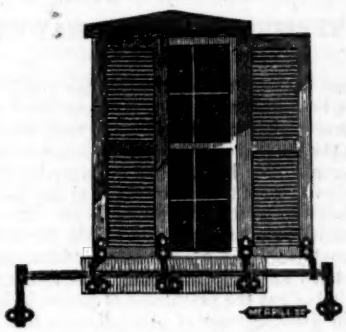
DO TURNIPS MIX?

This inquiry might be extended to onions, beets, carrots, parsnips, and all other cultivated roots and tubers; also to the roots of apple, plum, cherry, pear and peach trees, no less than potatoes. Mixing or hybridizing is done by the fecundating dust contained in the anthers of flowers, which falls on the stigma, thus impregnating the seed germ or ovule, and causing it to develop to maturity for the propagation of its kind.

Flowers are said to be complete, sexually, when they contain both stamens and pistils. There are flowers that have stamens but no pistils. Such are called staminate or stirile flowers; and there are those that have pistils and no stamens. These two kinds of flowers may grow on distinct plants or trees, as on the willow, poplar, hemp; or on the same tree, as the butternut, the chestnut, the walnut, the oak, and Indian corn. In the former case they are called diœcious, signifying two households; in the latter, monœcious, indicating one household. All who have observed the flowering of the oak, chestnut, butternut, or walnut, recollect that the staminate flowers are much more showy than the pistilate, and removed from it. So of Indian corn, the pistils being quite a distance below the paniculate racemes, producing the pollen, without which the farmer could raise no corn. Go through the field and clip off the panicles or tassels before they blossom, and providing there is no other field near enough to furnish pollen, there will be neither mixing nor corn. Plant a field, one side of it with white corn and the other with yellow, and when you harvest and husk, you will find white and yellow corn growing on the same cob. Not so of tubers, nor roots; because the pollen falling on the stigma of a flower does not effect the quality of the root or tuber forming. The mixing takes place in the flowers where the seeds are formed, as every hybridizer knows full well. Hence the idea that roots and tubers mix, is without the slightest foundation. As corn can only be mixed by the pollen falling on the stigma and thus fertilizing the ovule; so of the potato, the turnip, and other tubers and roots.

It is owing to the fact that the pistils of seedling fruits are impregnated with the pollen from other trees that apple seeds, pear seeds, cherry, plum and peach pits do not produce the same variety, uniformly, as the parent stock. This whole subject is one of great interest. It is by mixing pollen that hybrids and varieties are and may be multiplied without any known limit. L. W.

Remarks.—The ideas of our correspondent we think will convey a wrong impression, even if one does not exist in his own mind. Turnips, beets, carrots, &c., are biennial; that is, the roots raised from seed sown this year, must be set out next year, in order to produce seed again. Now if seed known to be pure are sown this season, the root harvested will evidently be of the same variety, and pure also. But if two or more varieties of the roots of these plants are set out side by side, next year, for the purpose of raising seed, it is evident, even from our correspondent's argument, that, if they come into flower at the same time, the seed gathered from any one variety cannot be relied upon to produce the same, but must partake of the nature of its neighbors. The result must be the same as with corn or any annual plant, only the time taken to effect it is longer. Some dozen or more varieties of turnips have been produced within a very few years, and from this very method of hybridizing.



WINDOW-BLIND FIXTURES.

We have examined with considerable interest a model showing the improvements in window blind fixtures represented in the above engraving. The improvement possesses many advantages over the present method of adjusting blinds, and as the expense is only about ten cents more to each window, we think the plan will be extensively adopted. The cut represents one blind wide open, and the other close shut. The blind rests upon slides which move along an iron rod, five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The braces which connect this rod to the window-stool, prevent the blind from sliding too far in either direction. At the top the blind is connected with another rod, one-fourth inch in diameter, by a slide which is also a spring, sufficiently strong to hold the blind in place.—Among the advantages which this method of fastening blinds presents, are the following: there are no springs to get out of order; the weight of the blind is distributed equally along the entire bottom and there is no sagging; the blind can be open to any distance, from a crack an inch wide to its entire extent, with no danger of slamming in the wind; being fastened together on the inside when closed, by a hasp, they cannot be opened from without; no staples need be driven into the window-stools, looking awkward, and frequently being in the way.

The whole arrangement, as shown in the model before us, is very neat, though the cut gives an ill-proportioned appearance of the parts. Mr. A. G. Bachelder, 92 Howard Street, Lowell, is the inventor of this plan, and has applied for a patent.

THE STATE FARM.

The members of the Board of Agriculture met at the State Farm, at Westboro', on Wednesday last, to make their summer examination of the condition of the stock, state of the crops, &c. Happening to be at the farm on the same day, we were kindly invited, and accompanied them in their examinations. We found some *eighty* acres under cultivation, some of the crops looking remarkably well, and most of them as forward as could be expected in so cold and backward a season. The corn-fields, some thirty acres in extent, were clean, the corn, in some of them, averaging a foot in height, and of a fine, healthy color. The oat fields appear well, but the crop was no larger where guano was plentifully supplied last year, in addition to other manuring, than the rest of the field that received no guano. Seven acres in white beans surpassed any other crop of that edible we have seen this year. They were neatly hoed, even, of a rich lightish green, and promised an abundant harvest. As many acres in carrots had come up well, and some of them, put in early, had got a good start. The onion crop, of which there was a generous breadth, was free from the maggot, had already attained a height of several inches, and was very promising. Ruta bagas, French turnips, beets, parsnips, and a piece set with the osier willow, *silex viminalis*, were all appearing well. In addition to a large number of cabbage plants set before, three thousand were put in on the day of our visit.

The grass crops of the farm will be more than an average. One of Danforth's patent grass-cutters, or mowers, was put into a field, and operated for the inspection of the Board. It cut the grass quite evenly and well, although the ground on which it was operated was uneven and stony. The grass was also wet, there having been a slight, drizzling rain through the morning.

Mr. Samuel N. White, the intelligent superintendent of the farm, was present, and able to give, in minute detail, the history of previous proceedings, such as the time of planting, quantity of seed, kind and quantity of manure, or of different manures, applied to the same land, with such other information as was necessary to a proper understanding of the condition and promise of the several crops.

Notwithstanding the cold and wet state of the season, the crops now certainly give the prospect of a large and bountiful return. The farm has been materially improved in several respects. Immense quantities of rocks that required excavation and blasting, have been removed from some of the best lands, and they now present a clean, clear, and inviting aspect. Some valuable experiments have been made in trenching, on a somewhat extended scale, which cannot fail to produce the most profitable results. New roads have been constructed, and large and substantial gates erected at their termini, and hung upon posts that will never be knocked out of their perpendicular by careless teamsters, or upheaved by frost. Drainage has also received attention, and a large amount of labor and money has been expended in bringing some of the lands into a condition to receive the plow and hoe and scythe; these lands are near the buildings, and have long been unsightly and unprofitable portions of the estate.

In the commodious and well kept styes we found some one hundred and sixty swine, sleek, and fat, and contented. Six noble oxen were quietly chewing the cud in the yard, and we believe another pair were out in the yoke. A two year old Hereford bull of great beauty stood in the stall, together with an Alderney calf, and one of another breed. The cows, some twenty-five in number, we did not see, they being at a distance in pasture.

In one of the gardens were large beds of strawberries, some fine pears and peach trees filled with fruit. The Board has certainly effected a great change in the condition of the farm, and is producing some results that cannot fail to be valuable to the farming interest of the State.

We were gratified with our visit, and beg to express our obligations to the Board for their kindness in answering our numerous questions, and for the opportunity of viewing, with them, the condition of the farm.

At a future time, we may be glad to express our views of the nature of some of their soils, the crops we consider best adapted to them, and the kind of manures which they appear to us to require in order to produce the most profitable returns.

For the New England Farmer.

SIRE OF "ETHAN ALLEN."

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of June 27th there is a cut of a horse, with these words underneath it: "Flying Morgan, the sire of Ethan Allen."

The owners of "Ethan Allen" claim that he was got by Vermont "Black Hawk," and have publicly offered to submit their claims to an investigation based on fair grounds—that is—a committee should be appointed to report on the case, and if they found that "Flying Morgan" was the sire of "Ethan Allen," the owners of the latter horse would pay two hundred dollars to defray the expenses of the investigation. But if they found that Vermont "Black Hawk" was the sire of "Ethan Allen," the owner or friends of "Flying Morgan" should pay that sum. Please publish the following extract from Linsley's "Morgan Horses," a work which you have noticed in terms of high commendation.

"It has been reported that 'Ethan Allen' was sired by 'Flying Morgan.' * * * We have made careful inquiry into all the circumstances of the case, and we can see no reasonable grounds to doubt his having been sired by 'Black Hawk.'—

Mr. Holcomb had bred two celebrated animals—'Black Hawk Maid,' and 'Red Legs'—from the dam of 'Ethan Allen,' by 'Black Hawk,' and there can be no question that the mare was coupled with 'Black Hawk' in 1848, the year 'Ethan Allen' was begotten. 'Flying Morgan' was not kept for stock that year, but for a driving horse, and we believe was kept by chance one night at Ticonderoga. We believe that this, with the resemblance in color and shape of the head, furnishes the chief ground for the report."—P. 278.

It may be proper to add, that whatever may be the grounds for the supposition that "Flying Morgan" was kept one night at Ticonderoga, both Mr. Holcomb and Mr. Roe (the owners of "Ethan Allen") aver that they have no knowledge of "Flying Morgan" having that year been at a nearer point to the dam of "Ethan Allen" than *thirty-four miles.*

TICONDEROGA.

REMARKS.—At the request of the owner of "Flying Morgan," we published the cut of that horse, not knowing that his statement of the pedigree of "Ethan Allen" was so strongly contradicted. We publish the above letter, with a desire to do justice to both sides, but as the matter is one which interests the owners of the respective animals more than the public, we do not wish to open our columns to any controversy between the parties. We hope, however, that an investigation will be had, and shall be happy to notice the result of it.

For the New England Farmer.

SUGGESTIONS, THOUGHTS AND QUERIES.

MR. EDITOR:—At this hurrying time of year, when planting is trodden on the heels by sowing, when hoeing presses upon planting, and haying, (that pleasantest of work for the farmer and his boys,) treads close on the footsteps of the whole, articles for the *Farmer* should be short and pithy, containing *much in little.* The spirit moves me to write to you, but as brevity is not my foible, when I get pen and ink before me, I fear I shall not live up to my rule, and compress as much as I wish to do.

Did the country ever look more beautiful in the leafy month of June than in this present? It seems to me, as I grow older, that I more and more enjoy the pleasant sights and sounds of a rural home. The song of the birds, (I never allow one to be shot or disturbed on my place,) the gentle rustle of the wind in the tree-tops with their thousand waving green arms, the glorious sunlight, God's best gift to man, next to a quiet conscience, the myriad flowers, sprinkled so lavishly all through our grassy fields, all send a thrill of delight to my inmost heart every time I look or listen. But I sat down meaning to be more practical, and have, as is generally the case, let my thoughts run away with my pen.

BLOOD MANURE.

I have a piece of corn on which I am this year making trial of the different kinds of concentrated manure—guano, superphosphate, blood manure—and noting the results, which I will give you next fall; but I wish in the meantime to say to Friend Nourse or Mr. Hayes, who has waded knee-deep in blood all the spring for our advantage, that I believe it would much increase the sale of the manure, if he used some more powerful deodorizer, to absorb the offensive odor which renders its use so uncomfortable. If he perseveres in the manufacture of the manure, as no doubt he will do, from his well-known perseverance of character, he will realize much money by the business, but pray tell him to leave the *scent* at the slaughter-yards.

"IT COSTS TOO MUCH."

I was reading an article in one of your late papers, (June 27,) under this heading, that I endorse entirely, and which it would be well for many of our husbands and fathers to read and ponder over seriously. Woman is not a beast of burden, although some of the *genus homo* seem to consider her in that light, but a help-meet for man; the best assistant and counsellor he can have, a friend ready to do and suffer for her husband and children, cheerfully, laboriously and gladly, and should be treated, in the affections and heart-feelings at least, as the equal of man. I go farther. I say that the law made by man restrains her from many rights that should be allowed her as his equal; but this is too warm weather to enter into that discussion; if you will allow me, I will give my views on the subject next fall, and a fair discussion of the matter may lead to good. Agitation in water, or anything else, is good.

HAY CAPS.

Now is the time to procure or prepare them, by those who consider them of advantage. Thousands of dollars would have been saved last year to our farmers, had they thought and acted in this matter in season.

SULPHUR IN TREES.

Have you any reliable information in regard to the use of sulphur, placed in a hole in the sap wood of a fruit tree, as a preventive to the ravages of the canker worms, caterpillars, and the like pests? I have seen an article to that effect going the rounds of the papers for the last six or twelve years, and it seems to me plausible, if enough could be infused into the foliage, that it might render it unwholesome and unpleasant to their taste, but I have never tried it, and I should like to know whether it is so or not. If it is a fact, it would not only prevent the ravages of insects on our trees, but be a good manurial operation at the same time.

L. H. HILDRETH.

July, 1857.

HOG CHOLERA.—This mysterious and fatal disease yet prevails at some of the distilleries along the Ohio river and at other places. It is still destructive among the farmers in the interior. A correspondent in Kentucky informs us that he has lost over a hundred; another has lost over half his herd, and another nearly all of his.

When this scourge will pass away no one can predict; whether it will continue until there is no longer any material to act upon, or whether it will have its period and pass off like epidemics in the human family, remains to be seen. We regret that its presence has not led to more full and thorough investigations into its cause and charac-

ter. It is said that remedies have proved effectual. We give below the following:

Cure for hog cholera, by a resident in Ohio: Two quarts flaxseed boiled in ten gallons of water till the seed is thoroughly cooked; let it stand till cold, then give it to the hogs as fast as they can drink it—turn it down if they refuse to drink. Repeat the dose for a week or so, and it will effect a cure. Pulverized charcoal and sulphur mixed in milk has also proved beneficial.

CLOVER HAY.

In another column we have given an article from the *Ohio Cultivator*, upon the subject of clover hay. It appears by that article that the idea is prevalent that clover hay is unwholesome for cattle, and that it frequently causes them to sicken and die.

We believe this to be a great error, and that if clover hay ever injures our neat stock, it is in consequence of the imperfect condition in which it is put into the barn, and not in consequence of any inherent qualities of the plant.

The object in making good hay, says Low, is to prepare it as quickly as possible, and with as little exposure to the weather, and as little waste of the natural juices, as circumstances will allow. When we are enabled to do this the hay will be sweet, fragrant, and of a greenish color. We still do much of our farm work under the English notions which came here with our ancestors, without taking into account the great difference in the climate of the two countries. There, they employ *four* days in curing the herd's grass, which is often admirably done under our July suns in a single day! Many farmers do not consider the effect of these cloudless suns, and the consequence is that they dry their hay until its juices are evaporated, and a large proportion of its value lost. One cloudless July day, with a slight breeze, is sufficient to cure hay cut in the morning or the previous evening, where there is not more than thirty hundred to the acre. In such a case the swaths should be evenly spread, and it will be necessary to stir it quite often, and lay it up as lightly as possible from the ground.

A general rule should be enforced that no hay be left in swath or winrow over night, unless it be that cut just before or after sundown. There are two advantages in its being cocked: it prevents the injurious effects of dew or rain, while the slight heating process which is going on causes an exhalation which is retained in the cock, and gives the hay a most fragrant odor. In *good weather*, two days, at most, are sufficient to secure hay, even when heavy crops are cut. The cocks should not be opened on the second day until the dew has gone, and then only opened in thick masses. After lying in this manner until noon, they are ready to be carted to the barn.

Clover requires a very different process. It should be cut close to the ground, and allowed to remain until the afternoon of a bright day, in the swath; then they should be carefully turned upside down with a fork, and left over night. After dinner on the following day, the swaths should be taken up with the fork and laid in a cock—not rolled or pushed up—and then these cocks may remain two nights. After that, on a clear morning, they may be turned over to admit the sun and air for a few hours, when they will be ready to go in, with their leaves all on, and as sweet and fragrant as a nosegay. A load of brush is worth about as much for cattle as a load of clover, cured as it is often done. Allen, in his "Farm Book," says there is a loss of nutritive matter in the ordinary mode of curing hay, which is obvious to every careful feeder. This is conspicuously evident, in the diminished quantity of milk yielded by cows, when taken from the pasture and put upon the hay made from grass similar to that before consumed. There is undoubtedly a combination of causes to which this may be imputed, but the bad condition of the hay is often a prominent one.

SALTING HAY.

This is now, we believe, extensively practised, and judiciously done, we have no doubt it is well. Those who are in the habit of placing salt before cattle, know that during the winter season they will take but little. A cow consuming a ton of hay in the cold months, we are confident would not voluntarily consume two quarts of salt—and yet many farmers are in the habit of applying *eight quarts* to a ton! This is probably the source of many of the recent diseases among cattle. It leads, also, to the slovenly practice of getting in the hay in a damp or partially cured state, under the idea that the salt will preserve all its virtues.

For the New England Farmer.

DINNERS AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

I perceive it is said that the trustees of the Essex Agricultural Society, have informally determined to have no dinner together on the day of their exhibition. What can be the meaning of this determination? The exhibition dinner, where speeches are made, songs are sung, and all have a good time, I had supposed to be one of the most praiseworthy features of the occasion. Who would have expected this deviation from what has become almost universal usage, to be started by this long established and well reputed society? Especially when their exhibition is to be in the heart of a beautiful and enterprising city, Newburyport, which is never backward in doing the proper thing, in a proper manner. What can be the cause of this determination, I should like to know. Many of these trustees I have long known; and they are among the last men to repudiate a good dinner. I hope to hear the reason, if there is any good reason for it. I had contemplated being present at the exhibition, but am not quite satisfied to go and return, fifty miles or more, upon an empty stomach.

THE SEVEN DAYS' CALENDAR.

Sunday—church doors enter in,
Rest from toil, repent of sin;
Strive a heavenly rest to win.

Monday—to your calling go;
Serve the Lord, love friend and foe;
To the tempter, answer, No!

Tuesday—do what good you can;
Live in peace with every man,
Remember, life is but a span.

Wednesday—give away and earn,
Teach some truth, some good thing learn.
Joyful, good for ill return.

Thursday—build your house upon
Christ, the mighty Corner-Stone;
Whom God helps, his work is done.

Friday—for the truth be strong,
Own your fault if in the wrong;
Put a bridle on your tongue.

Saturday—thank God and sing;
Tribute to Heaven's treasure bring,
Be prepared for Terror's King.

For the New England Farmer.

BEE CULTURE.

Mr. Editor:—With the old-fashioned box hive, I do not believe it possible to be successful in bee culture. Out of a large number who have made the attempt with these hives, very few have continued beyond five years with any number of stocks. Those who adopt and carry out the old "brimstone" system, may preserve a few hives for a long series of years, I have no doubt. The reason is obvious. Your bees must be kept in such a hive as to give their owner an opportunity to examine the condition of the comb, and detect trouble at its commencement. In the old box hive this cannot be done without injury to the healthy and sound comb, when the attempt to do so is made, provided you know where the difficulty is situated, which is usually in the upper portion of the comb, or top of the hive inside. Out of a large number of diseased hives which I have had an opportunity to examine, in all, without exception, the moth commenced his ravages in the upper portions of the comb, and I believe this to be generally the case. Now with any kind of hive with a glass window in the back, when trouble is going on it can easily be seen, its location known, and the proper corrective resorted to.

I am one of those who believe that there is no such thing as a moth-proof bee hive, for it must be evident to any person of common sense, that the moth can enter the hive where a bee can, and thus they most frequently do enter; when they do not, it forms the exception, and not the rule. I have before observed that whatever may be the particular form of the hive selected, it should be made of the best material and in the most perfect manner. This implies that there should be no shakes, cracks, or imperfections about it, to give moths or any kind of vermin a chance to lay their eggs, or to find a lodgement. If they get in at all, they should be obliged to travel the usual way, and if the bee-keeper looks after his swarm, and gives them the care which they ought to receive, and which they must receive to be successful, he will not be likely to be greatly annoyed by them. The great trouble is, the moth enters the hive after sundown usually, when the bees are all in and at rest, or busily engaged in disposing of the store collected during the day. But if the swarm is large, healthy and thriving, the moth stands a poor chance even after getting into the hive. I have seen a dozen bees attack a moth at a time, and "shake his liver out of him in less than no time." When however, these rascals once get a good foot-hold, it requires an extraordinary effort on the part of the bees to get rid of them. Generally the bees come out at the "little end of the horn," and the stock is lost.

No careful bee-keeper will allow things to go on to this extreme. The bottom of the hive should be so arranged as to be easily removed, for purposes of examination, cleaning, &c. This latter, if done occasionally, and it ought to be done once or twice a week in the spring, will save the bees a large share of laborious effort, and help them along wonderfully. When I purchased my first stock, a secret came with it, which was warranted to keep moths out of the hive, and to drive them out if already in. The gentleman stated he gave five dollars for the information. I used it during the past summer, and believe there is virtue in it. For the good of those bee-keepers who take the *New England Farmer*, I will here give them the information "gratis." As soon as your bees begin to come out freely, and the weather grows warm, insert thin slices of common chewing tobacco at the entrance, and let it remain on the bottom board. Renew this every few weeks during the warm weather. While I think it accomplishes good, in preventing the moth attacking the comb or bees, I am by no means satisfied about its being a "patent moth preventing remedy." Norfolk.

March, 1857.

For the New England Farmer.

LABOR OF BOYS.

Mr. Editor:—I am pleased to see the acute witicisms of your correspondent "Experience," from Hamilton, (we all know there are those of great experience *there*,) on my hasty remark, that "boys should be allowed from 37 to 45 cents per day," for their services, when employed upon the farm, boarding themselves. This would leave only from 15 to 25 cents per day for labor exclusive of board. I respectfully say, if boys have been properly trained until they are fifteen years of age, this would be but a moderate compensation, only about one-quarter part what is claimed and paid for the services of laboring men. No principle of morals, or of political economy is better established, than that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and that "the hire should be proportionate to the labor." Will any one pretend, that *one dollar per day* is an extravangant allowance for an efficient laboring man? Will not a healthy, well-instructed boy of *fifteen years*, earn one-quarter part as much as a man? If he should fail to do this, the fault must be, not so much in the boy, as in those who guide him. The remark was made originally in reference to the labors of the boys at the State Reform School. I have not the papers at hand, to note the connection in which it was made, nor the *signature* under which it was sent abroad.

June 20, 1857.

For the New England Farmer.

LETTER FROM MR. FRENCH.

London, England, June, 1857.

MY FRIEND BROWN:—To do up the thing properly in this matter of travelling in foreign lands, there ought to be at least, *two of us*, a sort of duplicate, one to see and one to record; or rather some photographic process by which one could have, when he gets home at night, a picture copied, from the retina of the impressions made there during the day. What were Hector or Achilles, or Troy itself, had there been no Homer; and what does it avail for one man to see the world, if he cannot make others see it too? Wandering alone here in England, relying mainly on a friendly vote of the United States Agricultural Society for my passport, and meeting kindness and hospitality everywhere, I should be glad if our readers could go with me daily and enjoy my views of Old England. But to enable them to do this, the writing man must labor as constantly as the seeing man, for there is no hour here, whether in the streets, in the Houses of Parliament, in the old churches, the Tower of London, the Zoological Gardens, the Parks, the Crystal Palace, the exhibitions of pictures and other works of art, that does not furnish matter of interest to every observing American.

The differences in the first objects that meet your view in the streets, interest you at once, but are forgotten unless noted at the time. There goes a carriage, a cross between an old-fashioned chaise and a Boston cab, a two-wheeled machine, to carry two persons, the driver perched up on a seat behind, with the longest kind of a whip and reins, driving like destruction in and out of all the byeways, to avoid the crowded thoroughfares, and get his passengers to their destination in the shortest possible time. He is paid by the distance, and not by the time he spends, and hastens on, or as he calls it, drives across, and gains time though he doubles the distance. The horse has no check-rein or martingale, and carries his nose accordingly, that is to say, as far from his tail as possible. The wheels are about as heavy as those of a horse-cart, and the weight always seems to be behind the centre of gravity, so that one expects to see the horse lifted from his feet at the next moment. This vehicle is a Hansom, not for its beauty so called, but because some Mr. Hansom has a patent on it, and his name is in large letters on the side of each carriage. Then comes a pony carriage, with two genteel-looking ladies driving a pony about one-half or one-third the size of a common horse, through the crowded streets, among drays and omnibuses—as quietly threading their way as if no one else were in the street, miraculously escaping destruction, which seems always impending. Pony phaetons with two ponies, ponies ridden by boys, ponies in carts, are constantly seen. Then again, the donkeys are an institution of old England, little, patient, abused creatures, not much taller than a French merino sheep, carrying big panniers or cans of milk balanced across their backs, often driven by little brutes of boys who seem to delight in beating them. I always pity a donkey, wherever I see him,—he is so little, and his ears are so very long, and his tail is so like a cow's, that he is quite beneath the dignity of a horse, without being anything else in particular. Some one said he always despised clams because they seemed such miserable attempts to be oysters, and the donkeys always strike me as perfect failures in an attempt to be horses. But they are very useful, never die that I can hear of—Dickens says nobody ever saw a dead donkey—and they need nothing to eat that is fit to eat. I am told the poor laborer who goes three or four miles to his daily labor in the country here, often rides a donkey to and from his work, and probably here the poor little animal, devoted to hard work and hard fare, may find some sympathy.

Horse railways have not yet found their way into London. An American can hardly conceive of the conservatism of England. The idea of such an experiment as street railways strikes consternation into the hearts of everybody. They would as soon think of paying the national debt, or establishing common schools, or abolishing the right of primogeniture, and allow all the children to inherit equally, or any other outrageous and unreasonable thing.

I met a New-Yorker a day or two since, and asked him why street railways had not been tried here. "Wait," said he, "two hundred years, and they will just begin to learn that such an improvement is possible."

But justice compels me to say, or rather, I am happy to have it in my power to say, for I feel very amiable towards the mother country, that in many respects, England is at this moment worthy of our imitation, for her progress even. In some points relative to the administration of justice in her courts, she has made manifest advances, while we in New England have stood quietly still, awe-stricken and uncovered in our veneration for old legal fictions and forms, which are really entitled to no more respect or reverence, than are the old horse-hair gray wigs, which in this country every judge and every barrister is compelled to wear in the Courts.

Of these matters, I may have something to say at some proper time and place, when further observation shall have assisted my knowledge. In Agriculture, too, we have much to learn of England. I have been cautious to form no hasty conclusions upon this subject, but I am convinced that capital and skill are employed here in the culture of the soil, in a manner of which most of us have no adequate conception.

A farmer in New England who gains a hundred dollars, buys a share in a railroad or bank, and probably loses his money in the end, when the very thing he most lacks is capital invested in his business; capital invested in permanent improvements on his lands, that shall render their annual product greater. How much capital it is expedient to invest per acre in putting the land into good condition, it is not easy to determine; but, as a general rule, a good crop, raised with great care and high manuring, pays best. The lands near London rent at from *forty* to *seventy-five dollars* a year per acre. They are cultivated chiefly for market gardens. They are manned from the city, and have a high market close at hand. Farms are leased at from three to fifteen dollars per acre, annually, all over England. Nearly all the most valuable lands are underdrained with tiles. The best estimates of the land draining companies give from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per acre, as an average cost of draining land. Large companies are in operation, which make these improvements by draining, and take security for their payment on the increased value of the land. The estimates are made on a term of fifty years, during which time it is expected that the tiles, properly laid, will remain as good as new, and the tenant, whether for a term of years, or for life, or otherwise, pays the company an annuity, which, in fifty years, will pay the first cost and the interest, usually computed at four and a half per cent. I am obtaining all the acts of Parliament, and other means of information, and at some future day, will explain more clearly the working of the system. Two facts seem to be universally conceded; first, that most of the land in England is greatly benefited by underdraining; and secondly, that land once properly drained, is drained for a half century at least. I have recently visited the farm of Mr. Mechi, (pronounced Mecky) some forty miles from London, of which almost everybody has heard or read. It consists of one hundred and seventy acres of land, originally nearly barren, but now, by thorough draining and high cultivation, as productive, perhaps, as any in England. Mr. Mechi states his average crops for several years to have been 40 bushels of wheat, 56 bushels of barley and 88 bushels of oats to the acre; and I have no doubt, from my own examination, that his crops this year will come up to those quantities. He has 54 acres of wheat now growing, which will exceed, I think, the average of 40 bushels per acre.

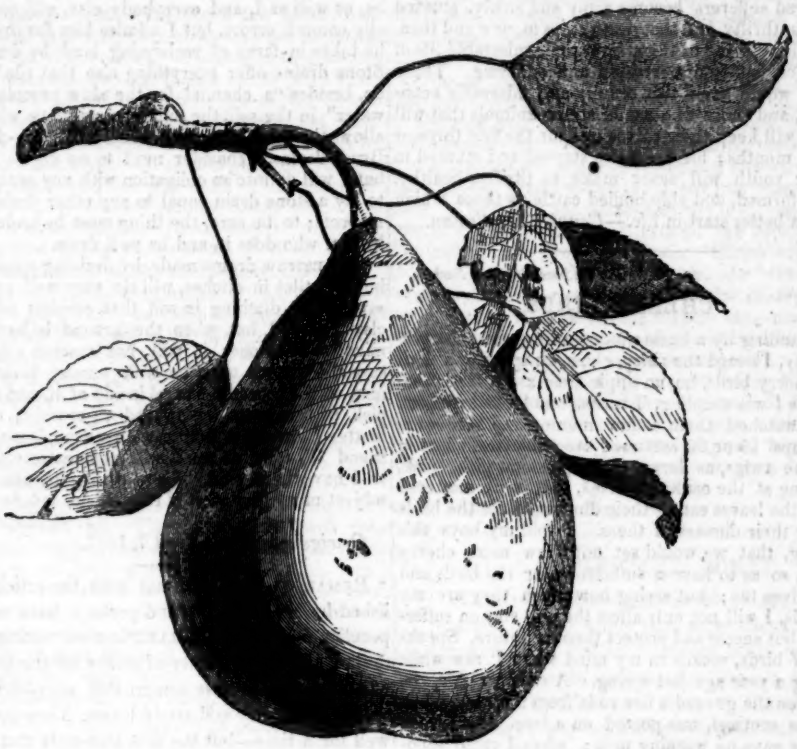
The main features of his system may be stated in a few words. In the first place, the whole 170 acres is underdrained with tiles, generally laid four feet deep; none, I think, less than three, and all, or nearly all the farm has been subsoiled. He has, as a particular and somewhat peculiar idea, a large brick underground cistern, 29 feet deep and 28 in diameter, holding eighty thousand gallons, into which all the manure made on the farm is driven with large quantities of water. He has, then, a small steam engine of six horse power, which, after pumping the water into the cistern, pumps it out, and throws it, with the manure dissolved in it, over the whole farm.

To distribute this liquid manure, iron pipes are laid under ground into every field of the whole farm, terminating in the centre of the fields above ground, and upon these iron pipes, gutta percha hose are screwed; the engine is set at work, and the fields are watered as occasion requires. Neither the wheat, barley or oat crop is watered in this way, but the showering is confined to the grass, beans, vetches, turnips and other green crops.

Three large crops of grass are produced in a season, in this way, and immense crops of other kinds. Mr. Mechi estimates that he expends annually on his farm, about $38,50 an acre, as the cost of cultivating, including rent, taxes and all other charges, and he maintains that as a mere investment of capital and labor, it is a profitable operation. His land certainly was poorer than most land in New England. Probably few more barren tracts could anywhere be found, and now there are few more fruitful fields, even in fruitful England. He keeps sheep, from one to two hundred, and feeds his crops of Italian Ray grass, of vetches, and of turnips, to them in the fields. The sheep are enclosed in hurdles, and kept on an acre or less at a time, and there fed, until they have sufficiently manured the enclosure, and are then moved to another piece, and so on, till large fields are fertilized. This mode of keeping is one of the principal secrets of English husbandry. I shall be able to give the system in detail, in the course of the season. It seems to me that we may profit by this example of English farmers, but I am not prepared to speak with certainty, till I have visited the best sheep-growing counties.

In conclusion I would say, that the example of Mr. Mechi is by no means one that our common farmers could imitate. They have not the capital, nor perhaps would they best employ it thus, if they had it. Yet his efforts are worthy of great praise, as giving us new ideas, which may be, in various ways, turned to good account. H. F. F.

Preserving Plants.—Thomas R. Marshall has stated to the Botanic Society of Edinburgh a method adopted by him successfully in drying plants so as to preserve the natural form and color. The plant to be preserved must be put in a box in such a manner as to preserve the natural disposition of all the parts. Perfectly dry, fine sawdust, of box or other hard wood, is then to be sprinkled over the plant in such a way as not to shift the position of the leaves. The plants are to be left thus arranged till dry. A fortnight is sufficiently long in a summer of the ordinary temperature. Succulent plants require a longer time.



ANDREWS PEAR.

Above we give a fine representation of one of the most popular pears in this vicinity. Being a native of Dorchester, and bearing the name of a Boston gentleman who introduced it to public notice, we take a sort of family pride in its reputation, and are glad to present it as one of the best native varieties, and worthy of extensive cultivation. The name has a home-like, pleasant sound, like that of the Bartlett; but it does not, like the latter, rejoice in the possession of a French *alias*, depending for its distinction alone on the native New England name it bears. For twenty-five years the Andrews has held a high place in the estimation of fruit-growers, and the multitude of more recent varieties does not rob it of its deserved distinction. The authorities vary somewhat as to the form of the fruit and the growth of the tree. We copy Cole's, which seems to be as accurate as any: "The Andrews is large; pyriform; yellowish-green, dull red cheek, few dots; stem an inch long, set on a crumpled end, calyx open, in a deep basin; flesh greenish-white, melting, very juicy, with an excellent spicy, vinous flavor. 15 Sept. to 15 Oct.—Tree hardy, a good grower and great bearer. It requires high culture to bring the fruit to perfection, and then it is almost first-rate, but variable. Ripens pretty well on the tree."

Our engraving was made from a specimen of the fruit grown last year by Mr. HENRY VANDINE, of Cambridgeport, of whose nurseries we have frequently spoken before, in terms of commendation.

DISEASE AND DEATH AMONG CALVES.—Almost every spring or summer we hear of deaths among calves. The sight of calves that look puny, unthrifty, or sickly, is one which not unfrequently pains the eyes and sympathies of those who have occasion to travel in the rural districts. Whence come these losses and these painful sights? More frequently, we think, from stingy, starving, and unnatural modes of feeding, than from any other cause. To enable the owners to make a few extra pounds of butter, the poor calves are deprived of the food which Nature has provided for them, and get some

cold substitute, in the shape of whey, skim-milk, or some other innutritious slop. The consequence of this short-sighted, mistaken economy, is that the starved sufferers become puny and sickly, stunted and unthrifty, and that death steps in, now and then, to relieve some of them from their miserable life of avarice, inflicted starvation and suffering. Those who would avoid this cruelty and miserable economy, and those who would secure animals that will pay, will keep their calves *well* for the first three or four months; for creatures starved and stunted in their youth will never make as thrifty, healthy, well-formed, and able-bodied cattle as those which had a better start in life.—*Country Gentleman.*

For the New England Farmer.

CHERRY BIRDS.

Standing by a back window of my shed the other day, I heard the chirp, chirp, chirping of a flock of cherry birds, on an apple tree a few feet from where I was standing. I turned and looked at them, and watched them a few minutes. There were perhaps 15 or 20 scattered over the tree, running up the twigs, as large as a pipe-stem, pick, pick, picking at the canker worms, that were scattered over the leaves eating their dinners, while the birds made their dinners of them. I told my boys this spring, that we would set out a few more cherry trees, so as to have a sufficiency for the birds and ourselves too; but seeing how much they are my friends, I will not only allow them to stay on sufference, but succor and protect them in future. Speaking of birds, recalls to my mind what I saw while riding a year ago last spring. A number of crows were on the ground a few rods from the road, while one as sentinel, was posted on a tree. As I rode up, he gave no warning note; when I came opposite, I drew up my whip as a gun, upon which they all arose in a body, pitched into the one on the tree, who incontinently took to wing, they flying after him and picking him as far as I could see, while he cawed out a useless remonstrance.

Medford, June, 1857. L. W. Hildreth.

UNDERDRAINING.

This useful farm-improvement is done in different ways by different farmers. Some use stones, while others use tiles or lumber. Economy and efficiency are the main questions that ought to present themselves to the enterprising farmer that is about to commence this improvement of his wet soil. Stones, tiles and lumber have each their advocates.

For instance, it would be deemed a great folly by reasonable men, for a farmer who had land that required draining, and also stones of suitable character convenient, to purchase tiles, especially from a distance, to lay his drains. By laying stone drains he will accomplish a double purpose; he clears his land of surface rubbish, and reclaims valuable land; but where stones are wanting, tiles cannot be conveniently had. The former materials make durable work, while lumber is liable to decay in a short time, when the work has to be repeated.

The article written by George E. Waring, Jun., and published in the *New York Tribune,* under date of April 4, 1857, advocating the exclusive use of tiles for draining purposes is certainly too prejudicial for any liberal-minded farmer to admit; I therefore beg leave to differ from friend Waring; he, as well as I, and everybody else, will occasionally commit errors, but I admire him for the stand he takes in favor of reclaiming land by drainage. Stone drains offer everything else that tile drains do, besides "a channel for the slow percolation of water" in the soil, the only characteristic which he allows the "old" fashioned "stone and brush-drains." Brush-drains, I consider next to no drains at all, but I will go into an obligation with any gentleman, to lay a stone drain equal to any other drain in all respects; to be sure, the thing must be understood by him who does it, and be well done.

The narrow drains made by draining spades, for burying tiles in ditches, will do very well, and will save much ditching in soil that consists of loam, clay or sand, but when the ground is hard and mixed with stones it will not answer. In that case the ditches must be wide enough to admit a man with a common shovel inside of it, and a good pick will have to be applied vigorously; of this matter I can attest from my own experience, and if friend W. calls on me I will demonstrate to him all I have here said. I am willing to allow any subject or system all it is entitled to, but no more.

J. S. Keller.

Orwigsburg, Pa., April 7, 1857.

Remarks.—We have not seen the article published by Mr. Waring, and perhaps have not the peculiar skill of Mr. Keller in constructing stone drains. We have plenty of stones for the purpose of drainage, and have constructed many drains of them in both dry and sandy loams. They operated well for a time—but the first star-mole that made his way to one of them left an inviting opening for the next drenching shower to follow. This, of course, was repeated a good many times and in a good many places during the year, and the work of *destruction* was begun. Unless laid very deep, frost also deranges the upper portion of them, and lets the fine soil down. We have, therefore, great doubt whether it is not best, in the first instance to use the tile. It costs much less to lay tile than stone, and when the work is once well done, and the tile entirely below the frost, a drain is made of great permanence and utility.

Preserving American Grain.—The results of some experiments made in France in the preservation of grain have but very recently been published. A year ago exactly, 2175 bushels of American wheat were, by way of trial, enclosed in two silos of sheet iron—large cylinders sunk in the ground—and were carefully closed, sealed and covered. The seals were removed in the first week of last month, in presence of two delegates from the War Office and of several members of the Commission for Military Stores. The grain was then subjected to a strict examination, and unanimously declared to be exactly the same as it was when sealed up. The cost of preserving corn by means of these silos does not exceed sixteen cents per two and three-quarters bushels, while all danger of loss by fire or vermin is entirely obviated.—*Scientific American.*

For the New England Farmer.

A CITY OF THE WEST.

Mr. Editor:—Perhaps a few notes from the capital of the Hoosier State may not be uninteresting to your readers. Fortune having caused me to remain a few days longer in the place than I intended remaining when I came to it, I have seized the occasion to look about the city, and hunt up a few facts of a statistical nature. The city is located two miles north-west of the geographical centre of the State, and one mile south of the centre of Marion county, of which it is the county seat. It stands on a beautiful tract of level country, running along the east bank of the west fork of White river. The even character of the land is very noticeable. It is wonderful with what rapidity these western towns have grown up. In 1821, the State commissioners selected this place as the site for their capitol. For some years it dragged out a feeble existence, and even in 1847, twenty-six years after it was laid out, it numbered only 4000 inhabitants. From that time to this, its growth has been very rapid. Every year since 1847, it has increased in population more than it did any ten years previous to that time. Its population at the present time is 25,000. Like all the western cities that I have visited, it is beautifully laid off. The streets cross each other at right angles, and are unusually broad. Many of them are lined with locust trees. This tree is almost universally used in the West as an ornamental tree, on account of its coming to maturity so quickly. To one accustomed to the magnificent elms of New England, this tree has a peculiarly insignificant appearance. 'Twas not a locust tree that Campbell made speak thus:

> "Faithful lovers in my shade,
> Their vows of truth and rapture made;
> And on my old surviving frame
> Carved many a long forgotten name."

If the people of Indiana and Illinois could visit the town in which you, sir, have your beautiful home, their taste in the selection of shade trees might be materially improved.

Like the New England metropolis, this city boasts its Washington Street. The two streets are very unlike, I assure you. The Washington Street of Boston, if I recollect right, is rather narrow and crooked. The Washington Street of Indianapolis is very broad and straight. The former, however, does probably a hundred times as much business as the latter. There are several good looking public buildings here; the State House, the Insane Asylum, the Blind Asylum, Odd Fellow's Hall, the Masonic Hall, &c. There are eight churches and eight hotels. The Bates House is a fine looking edifice, and under the conduct of its gentlemanly managers, Messrs. Inglesbee and Tuttle, is doing an immense business in the way of dispensing comfort to the travelling public. It is the crack hotel of the city.

There are three daily papers printed here, and several weeklies. The streets are named after the different States; Illinois Street, Delaware Street, Maryland Street, and so on. The Indianapolitans seem to be a very civil and orderly people, a pattern of sobriety and good behavior, if we can infer anything on these points from the smallness of their police force, for this body, considered indispensable in most cities for the preservation of order, in this city numbers only eight, including a chief.

The railroads make us decidedly a locomotive people. It seems as if two-thirds of the nation lived on board the cars. Go to Chicago or St. Louis, or come to this city, and see the masses of human beings that pile out and in on the arrival and departure of every trian. Eight railroads centre at this place. Visitors are arriving night and day. An immense amount of freight, too, is transported over these different roads, and in fact, the place is fast becoming a very important point for the reception and transmission of the various agricultural products and articles of merchandise.

The soil in and about this city is of a more gravelly nature than that around the capital of the neighboring State of Illinois. Illinois soil is more finely pulverized, more loamy. In wet weather, give me the gravelly soil; but for raising tremendy-ous big crops—as the suckers say—give me that fine black earth, that, when moistened in the least, possesses such rare adhesive properties.

This city has a rural air pervading it, that one seldom sees in so populous a place. It seems like a combination of country and city. Old Horace might have lived here and enjoyed his rustic delights, without leaving the city confines.

Yours truly, J. B. R.

Indianapolis, May, 1857.

APPLE-TREE BORER.

This troublesome insect is one of the most fatal enemies of the apple tree, with which the fruit-growers of the United States are called to contend. It is the *saporda bivitata* of naturalists, and is thus described by Professor Say, of Philadelphia:—

"Hoary; above light brown, with two white fillets. Inhabits the United States. Body, white; eyes, fuscous; (that is, a brown, or dark color,) a small spot on the vortex, and another behind each eye, light brown; antennæ, moderate, slightly tinged with blueish; thorax, light brown, with two broad white lines, approaching before; elytra, light brown, irregularly punctured; a broad, white longitudinal line on each, nearer to the suture than to the outer edge. Length, from one-half to seven-tenths of an inch. A very pretty insect. In the larva state, it is very injurious to the apple tree, boring into the wood."

The most effectual method of arresting its ravages when it has once secured a lodgment in the trees, is to look for the *holes* which are indicated by a quantity of very fine dust, like the borings from a gimlet hole, and which is usually accumulated in considerable quantities about the orifice of the perforation in which the insect is concealed. A small wire, with a hooked point, may be passed in, and the insect removed with ease. The wire should be flexible and elastic, and of sufficient tenuity to conform to the windings of the hole. The insect leaves the pupa state, and becomes a perfect fly about the third week in April. (?) Its eggs are usually, perhaps invariably, deposited either in the soil, immediately beneath the surface, or in the interstices of the rough bark of the trees, near the

roots, where they may be readily acted on by atmospheric agencies, without which the *ovia* would remain forever dormant and inert. A writer remarks:—

"I would recommend the application early in May, or the latter part of April, of common bricklayer's mortar, around the base of the tree, so as to cover completely the part, and its immediate vicinity, where the deposit is made. This preventive was successfully employed by a Mr. Shotwell, against the attacks of the peach tree insect, and I see no reason why it should not be equally efficacious in the preservation of the apple tree."

John Pierce, in the Massachusetts Agricultural Reports, has a paper from which it appears that the destruction of the borer is often effected by "digging round the tree, clearing away the soil to the roots, and then, with a chisel or gouge, and a sharp piece of wire," probing the holes for the worms as recommended above. But the chisel and gouge part of the performance is wholly unneccessary where the origin of the perforations is recognizable, and is always a serious injury to the trees, however carefully performed.

When charcoal can be procured, a few bushels of it, finely pulverized and heaped closely about the roots, so as to come in contact with the trunk, will doubtless be effectual in preventing the borer from seeking a lodgment, besides being a benefit to the tree in other respects. The cost of this is a mere trifle, as charcoal can be procured for from six to seven cents per bushel, and in any quantity that may be desired.

For the New England Farmer.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Mr. Editor:—All the boys being gone to Independence, and it being *unconstitutional* to labor on the fourth of July, (except when it falls on Sunday,) I took up your paper, and about the first item that arrested my attention, was your suggestion to the members of the Board of Agriculture. It had not before occurred to me that any one could be so fastidious as to find fault with you or your paper, as to any thing that had been said about the doings of this Board. I had supposed there had been a uniform and harmonious co-operation of the Board and the leading agricultural journals of the State, for the promotion of the same object—the advancement of the best interests of the farmer. It is not to be expected that all will think exactly alike, nor is it to be expected that all the measures of a Board thus constituted, will meet universal approbation. If my memory is right, there was considerable said the last winter in the Legislature, about their doings at the Reform School in Westboro'; and a very sensible report on this subject was made by a Senator from Suffolk, the conclusion of which was, "it will be well enough to let them have one year more to show what can be done there." The truth is, experiments in culture demand nice and discriminating care, and to be conducted under the eye, and by the hand of the master. Boys' labor, or hired labor of any kind, will not answer. I hope, sir, there will be no jargon in this matter, for if a Board thus organized, voluntarily spending their time and their energies for the benefit of the farmer, cannot be confided in, I know not who can. If I rightly understand your remarks, these growlings, or fidgety murmurings, do not come from any member of the Board, but from some other person; possibly from some disappointed expectant, for such beings may chance to be in our own commonwealth, as well as at Washington.

July 4, 1857. Verbum Sat Sapienti.

For the New England Farmer.

FOURTH REPORT OF THE STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

A fine book that, Mr. Editor; its typographical and mechanical "build" are faultless. Those farmers who are fortunate enough to secure a copy, have a year's store of enjoyment by them, and its fair print can be read without having their eyes "put out" in trying to make out the words. Charles, just let me take *the book* while I write this article for the *New England Farmer*, that I may have it before me as a sort of text. The fact is, my boys have had it in their hands nearly all the time since I received it, except when in bed. Indeed, it is a book not only for the farmer, but for the sons of farmers, who may by-and-bye assume the management of the old paternal acres. It is superior in every respect to the three preceding volumes issued by the Board, and far ahead of any like document published in this country, I venture to affirm. Why, just look over the table of contents, if you please; there is scarcely an operation performed, or a crop raised on the farm, but this report has something to say in regard to it, and this "something" is in many cases new, in all *fresh* and interesting. Even the ladies of the farm are instructed, those "angels of the household," in many of their various operations; it tells them how to do *old* things in a new way, and some *new* things in an old way. They certainly ought to *love* Mr. Flint for this kind remembrance of them, and I make no doubt some of them will. The first part of the report, embracing over 225 pages, in which Mr. Flint speaks "of the grasses, a family of plants the most extensive and the most beautiful, as well as the most important to mankind. It embraces nearly a sixth part of the whole vegetable kingdom; it clothes the globe with perpetual verdure, or adorns it at fixed seasons with a thick matted carpet of green none the less beautiful for its simplicity, and it nourishes and sustains by far the greatest part of the animals that serve us and minister to our wants," leaves little or nothing further to be desired on this subject. It is a model essay. The hop, the cranberry and the grape have each received the compliment of a master pen.

One cannot read this report, particularly that part of it relating to the State farm at Westboro', without being struck by the narrow minded policy, pursued by the Legislature toward the Board of Agriculture, in withholding from them a liberal grant of money, enough, at least, to carry out in the most thorough manner the various experiments already commenced on the farm. It looks like *small* business to me, for a State like Massachusetts, to shuffle about and grudge a few thousand

dollars, when without question every dollar spent pays an investment of more than ten per cent. There is no speculating thing about this, it is for the benefit of the whole State, and I may say the whole United States. But I will not pursue this subject. Massachusetts has reason to be *proud* of the report; it is a credit to the State, and to its author. Let every farmer secure a copy who can, and my word for it, if he heeds its instructions, he will be a better farmer, and a better man. NORFOLK.

June, 1857.

HOME MADE WINES.

Some months ago, we had a call from farmer M.'s "gude wife," who gave us some information about her manufacture of wine from cranberries, and other fruit, which we published at the time. Mrs. M. has paid us another visit, and informs us that in consequence of our little notice; her correspondence has increased wonderfully, and unless we come to her relief, she will have to give up all her domestic duties, and devote herself to writing recipes for the multitude who apply to her. To relieve the good lady from the pressure of a business to which she is less accustomed than to milking cows or making cheese, we have copied her recipes, and give them for the benefit of our readers.

CRANBERRY WINE.

Take refuse or frost bitten cranberries, put them in a bag and express the juice, by means of a cheese-press, or in any other convenient way. After once pressing, wash the pulp and press again. The liquor will then contain about one-tenth part of water. Add three pounds of sugar to a gallon of the juice, and let it ferment in the ordinary way.

ELDERBERRY WINE.

Use the same proportions of sugar and juice as for cranberry wine.

BARBERRY WINE.

To one quart of the clear juice add three quarts of water, and three pounds of sugar, and let it ferment as usual.

GRAPE WINE.

Express the juice, as with the cranberries, washing the pulp in the same manner; the liquor will be about one-tenth part water. Add sugar, three pounds to a gallon of juice, and ferment as before.

We have before us a sample of wine made from each of these recipes. The cranberry and barberry wines make a very pleasant drink, when mixed with about four or five times the amount of water. The other two kinds are excellent in their present state.

TRIAL OF MOWERS.—We find in the Cincinnati *Daily Gazette* an account of a trial of reapers and mowers, which took place at Hamilton, Ohio, on the 2d inst. The grass cut is described as "heavy timothy," and every mower which was operated was eminently successful, so far as mere cutting is considered. The entries numbered twelve combined machines, sixteen reapers and seventeen mowers, some of the reapers being entered as combined machines also. The power required to work each machine was ascertained by means of a Dynamometer, and the average of the twelve mowers was 350 pounds, the average width of swath being 5 feet 1 inch. The average draft of twelve reapers was 248 lbs., width of swath 5½ feet. These machines were operated in a field of wheat.

After a thorough examination, the committee made the following awards:

Mower—First Premium	$50,	Manny's Combined.
" Second Premium	$30,	Ohio Mower.
Reaper—First Premium	$50,	Atkins'.
" Second Premium	$30,	Ohio Harvester.
Combined—First Premium	$50,	Manny.
" Second Premium	$30,	Iron Harvester.

The force of draft and width of swath of the successful machines was as follows:

Mowers—Manny's	350 lbs.	6 ft. swath.
" Ohio Mower	400 lbs.	4 ft. 8 in. swath.
Reapers—Atkins'	275 lbs.	5 ft. 6 in. swath.
" Ohio Harvester	275 lbs.	6 ft. swath.

It will be seen that while Manny's machine required only the average draft, the width of swath was nearly a foot more than the average of all the machines. The other successful machines are not so well known in New England, and we doubt if any of them have ever been used in this vicinity.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

A FROST IN JULY.

From several careful observers, who were abroad at four o'clock this morning, I learn there were decided indications of frost. An occurrence in July so unusual is worthy of special record. What is to be the consequence of so much cold, and so much damp, is quite problematical. If there be any meaning in the well established saying, that corn will grow when the bears are about, and if these are indispensable prerequisites to the growth of corn, we have not, as yet, any well founded assurance of a mature crop of corn. S. D.

July 2, 1857.

STATE OF MAINE POTATO.

DEAR SIR:—I herewith send a small sample of the "real" State of Maine potatoes, and will be much obliged to you if you will try them upon your own table, and judge whether your correspondent, "Norfolk," and Norfolk's wife, have not been deceived in the purchase of the State of Maine potato. I know of several varieties of potatoes having been sold as the State of Maine, and the deception has proved prejudicial to the reputation of the genuine. Respectfully yours, THOMAS NORTON.

Paris, Me., June, 1857.

REMARKS.—Accompanying the above letter was a sample of the State of Maine potato, which we have eaten with abundant relish. We have had no better potatoes upon our table for a year, and think none will surpass them, at this late period. We have understood that there is an inferior vari-

ety of the potato, so much resembling the genuine State of Maine in appearance, as to have been sold by some of our seedmen for the real article. As the opinions of the qualities of this potato, as expressed by our correspondents, have been so varied and contradictory, it seems there must be some other cause for the difference than simply a variety of tastes. We want no better potatoes than those sent us by Mr. Norton, and if those who have condemned the State of Maine, would be certain to procure the genuine article, we think they would have a much higher opinion of its merits.

—

MEDALS AS AWARDS.

I perceive, by remarks in the N. Y. *Tribune*, that great impositions are practised in these awards. That rarely, if ever, is the intrinsic value of the medal one-half what it purports to be. Now if this be so, I think this system of awarding medals is one of the humbugs of the day. I see it is proposed to give a medal of the nominal value of $175 for the best performance with mowing machines, at the grand trial which is to come off about the middle of July at Syracuse; but if, in reality, the award is not to be worth one-half what it purports to be, I say the whole game will be a farce. Fair play is a jewel; let there be honor bright in all things, and no gouging.

June, 1857. A Disinterested Spectator.

Remarks.—Our friend does not appear to take into consideration the fact that the cost of the designs and dies for making these medals must be added to the intrinsic value of the metals of which they are composed. Where this expense, which is sometimes heavy, has to be divided among only a small number of medals, as in the case of the trial of mowers at Syracuse, their cost must be much more than the real value of the *raw material*.

—

CORN FOR FODDER.

When your farmers sow corn broadcast for fodder, how much do they put to the acre, and what kind of plow is used in covering it? At what size do they begin to cut it?

I have between three and four hundred acres in woods pasture, much shaded with large timber; the undergrowth I can take off. What kind of grass will do the best? When should it be sowed, and what quantity of seed to an acre? The land is rich. A. M.

Remarks.—Four bushels of corn is about what would be required to sow an acre of corn for fodder in drills. It is seldom sown broadcast. In drills it is usually covered with the hoe.

Your other questions we must leave for some wiser head than ours on that subject.

—

A FINE COW.

I have a cow that is four years old, and has had two calves, and given milk two years in succession; her calves weighed 100 pounds dressed, at six weeks old; she gives sixteen quarts of milk every day, and is of a native breed. A Subscriber.

Vermont, June, 1857.

GARGET.

I noticed a piece in your paper of June 20, headed "A sore udder," which is a species of the garget, and may be prevented by the use of the following: Take the root of cocum cut into small pieces, and mix it with meal and potatoes; feed about twice a week, and the garget will soon disappear.

WINTER KILLED.

There has been much said about trees being winter-killed. Let the ground settle down and become as hard as possible, and choke up with weeds around the tree about the first of August; in this way the sap will force itself into the roots and prevent the second growth, which otherwise would happen in the last of September. The second growth often keeps the sap in the branches until about the time that the ground freezes up, then forces itself into the centre, or tap root, causing it to grow sometimes six or eight inches during the winter season. H. W. B.

Norton, Mass., June 30, 1857.

—

GARGET.

Mr. Editor:—Will you or some of your numerous readers who may know, inform me through your valuable paper, how to cure a cow's teat, when it has become hard so as to stop the milk?

I have got a cow that lost the use of one teat two years ago by caking or garget; can it be restored again? E. M.

Bethel, Vt., June 30, 1857.

Remarks.—We cannot say that it certainly can be restored, though it is often done by grinding one-half of a pair of scissors very sharp, and, holding the teat firmly in the hand, thrust the two-edged scissor blade up the teat. We know of no other way in which the milk can be made to flow through such a teat.

—

MAPLE SUGAR—MOWING MACHINES.

There has been more maple sugar made in this section this spring, than ever before, as the marks on every maple will bear me witness; all the old tubs were repaired, and very many new ones made; milk-pans, pails, jars, in fact, everything that would hold sap, was used, and to good advantage, too. When the forest began to leave out, the sugar maple was several days in advance of other trees, but the foliage was very light-colored (yellow,) but is now changed to green, though not so dark as usual. We have lost very many young fruit trees the past winter by mice. I think we shall have plenty of apples this season, but not many cherries or plums; grass is looking fine. We had a cool spring and not much rain, until about the 15th of May; had not a day of warm weather until the 22d; it continued quite warm then up to the 28th, and has been rather wet since.

The subject of mowing machines is the topic amongst us farmers just now, and we all feel like paying the quarter if we could find out which machine is the best. Ketchum's, Manny's and Allen's are the best we have here; by the way, Ketchum's is being manufactured in C. E. cheaper than it can be in the States, and therefore is sold cheaper; the agent of this company is selling them at $100 each.) Now I wish you to inform me, either by circular or by letter, all about the Heath machine, as

in the *Farmer*, of April 11th, is a statement that this machine drew the premium of $1000, from the Massachusetts Society, last season, and in the paper of May 9th is stated that the judges had no hesitation in awarding the above premium to the Heath machine. The two articles above referred to are all we have about said machine. We are not told how to communicate with the proprietor, and wish to know on what points this machine is better than the others; also, the price and chance to obtain one or more machines. Please give me all the information you can on this subject.

Middlebury, Vt., 1857. W. F. GOODRICH.

REMARKS.—Heath's mower is manufactured by Nourse, Mason & Co., Boston, who will be glad to give our correspondent all the information he desires—price about $110.

—

BUTTER-WORKER.

Will you inform me through the columns of the *Farmer*, if there is a machine for sale in Boston for working the butter-milk from butter after churning? If so, please give price and place where it can be obtained.

Peterboro', N. H., June 29, 1857.

REMARKS.—Yes, plenty of them at all the agricultural ware-rooms. There are two or three kinds, the clyindrical and lever; the price we do not know; they are not expensive, however.

—

WHAT IS THE BEST LATE PEACH?

MR. EDITOR:—Will you, or some one of your correspondents, please to inform me through the *Farmer* which is the most profitable kind of late peaches? I wish to get a kind which produces abundant crops of good quality, and which is also hardy and vigorous. The late Crawford is a good peach, but does not bear well enough to be profitable; Ward's Freestone is highly recommended in Eliot's Fruit Book. Is that a productive variety, and if so, where can it be obtained? Do you know of a better kind of early apricot than the Early Golden? AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Fitchburg, July, 1857.

—

CONES OF THE ENGLISH LARCH.

Will you or some of your numerous readers inform me if the cones of the English larch should be removed, and at what season of the year? Upon a fine tree which has heretofore borne very few, they now hang in clusters of eight and ten—the branches already bending with their weight. A.

—

A FINE COW.

I have a cow which makes *twenty-six* pounds of butter a week, and gives thirty-four pounds of milk at one milking! Beat this who can. I have been offered eighty dollars for her, but three cows would not replace her. This cow is of the Twist breed, so called in the north-east part of the town.

Hollis, July 3, 1857. GAIUS WRIGHT.

—

HORSES THAT WILL JUMP.

Can you, or any of your numerous readers, inform me of the best method of preventing horses from jumping, when fetters will not stop them?

Goffstown, June, 1857. J. W.

THE DAVIS SEEDLING POTATO.

A few weeks since, my neighbor, T. Peaslee, (a name not entirely unknown to the admirers of good crops,) proposed to bring me a specimen of this variety of potato—of which he raised last year more than two hundred bushels. He accordingly brought me a bushel, and generously presented them for trial. I found them first-rate. My family think them better than any we have had the past year.

July 1, 1857.

—

EVERGREENS ON LAND.

Will you, or some one that knows, inform me through your columns, how I can get rid of evergreens upon my land? The land is in grass, and is rather wet for plowing. The more I try to kill it, the better it lives, and seems determined to *live forever*. A SUBSCRIBER.

Hinsdale, June, 1857.

THE CROPS IN MAINE.—Our exchanges in Maine all concur in representing the present appearance of crops in that State as, on the whole, very promising. Of hay there will be a good crop, and wheat and other small grains look well. Potatoes are in excellent condition, but August, which is the critical month with this crop in the matter of rot, may disappoint expectations. Corn is doing well, but fears are expressed lest the frosts should set in before the crop is matured.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

EDUCATION OF BOYS.

A merchant lately having occasion for a clerk, advertised, and several presented themselves, among them a well-dressed, handsome youth, who favorably impressed him, and whom he thought of taking on trial. But when he asked the lad to write, the awkward chirography convinced him that, however else the boy might suit, his penmanship would not answer. He then called up another, whose appearance likewise betokened comparatively wealthy parentage, and gave him a calculation to make. But the fractions were too much for this aspirant. At last, he picked out a neat, but economically dressed lad, who said he had been educated at the High School, and who was evidently the child of parents in but moderate circumstances. This boy promptly passed the ordeal. The merchant has now had the youth in his employment, for a considerable period, and says, in commenting on the occurrence, "he will probably be on the high road to fortune in ten years, while those two other lads, with their originally superior advantages, will be getting poorer and poorer continually."

Now whose is the fault? To some extent, doubtless, it is that of the lads; but their parents are not entirely blameless, either. Man is naturally a vagrant animal. Not one out of five loves work in the first place, for work's sake, merely. It is necessary to take the child almost as soon as he ceases to be an infant, and begin to educate him for the part he has to play in life. Parents cannot inculcate on their offspring too early, that, if they would be prosperous and happy, they must learn

to depend on their own exertions for making or even retaining a fortune. The boy who grows up, petted and indulged; who thinks that his father is so rich that he need not work like other lads; who is not disciplined to study, to labor, to self-denial generally; such a boy, no matter what his advantages of capital, or connexion, will run the greatest risk of final bankruptcy, if he does not, is too many do, turn out utterly worthless, even before he is old enough to begin business. There is an ancient proverb that, to make a gentleman, you must begin in the cradle. The adage would be truer and more useful, if it was that, to make a business man, you must begin with the boy.

Of the three candidates for the clerkship, whom the merchant examined, two had started life with every advantage. They had been sent to choice schools, they had been furnished liberally with books, they had been able to give their undivided attention to study. But not feeling the necessity of exertion, and not having it impressed on them by their parents, they trifled away their privileges. The other lad from childhood had had to struggle. It was only by great self-denial, probably, that his father had been able to clothe him decently enough to go to school. From the first, he had realized the worth of education, the value of time, and the necessity of relying on himself. He had hardened the muscles of his character, if we may use such a metaphor, by the necessary training which his circumstances imposed upon him. It depends altogether upon the manner in which children are educated, whether they become useful, prosperous and happy members of society, or whether they go down, foundered in character and fortune, on the boisterous sea of life.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Come, boys, and listen a few moments to your uncle. You have now arrived at an age when you must begin to think about doing something for yourselves. The first piece of advice I have for you is, to do everything well, which you undertake. There is but little danger of your being too particular in this respect. A boy who is careful to draw a straight line on his slate, will be very likely to make a straight line through life. There is no position in life in which you will not be called upon to be exact as possible. Step into a jeweller's shop and see how careful the workman must be in finishing up the article he holds in his hands. Visit a ship-yard, and the man with the broad axe must learn to hew on the line or be dismissed. You think of being a clerk. Well, remember that a mistake there, is little less than a crime. I never saw a man who was very particular about his affairs that was not successful. How exact is the military officer in the command of a body of men. A clumsy sailor will never rise to the command of a ship.

But there is one great danger which besets many young men at the present day. It is the disposition to avoid all solid improvement, and take up with subjects that require no thought, and which serve as mere excitement to mind. Your older friends tell you that boys are very fast at the present day, but I can remember fast boys long before you were born, but they never made solid and useful men. Very few of them ever lived to be forty years old. Nobody ever trusted them. They never filled any important office or station.

They usually became small men, because they had no capital in their heads with which to work out a living. Out of fifty of that class of fast boys I do not know of one who ever accomplished much. As you sow, so shall you reap. The boy who spends his hours late and early at the card table, bowling alley, or tavern bar room, is learning nothing useful, but much that is injurious. Listen to such men as Amos Lawrence, Thomas H. Benton, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, and they will all tell you that they avoided all these things and owed their greatness to their attention in early life to what would be useful to them.

This may be a hard lesson for you, but it must be studied, and the earlier in life you acquire it, the better will your prospects be for a successful career. Please regard the advice of your old Uncle Felix.—*Portland Transcript and Eclectic.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

How to Cook Potatoes.—Do people ever think of the immense waste of potatoes as they are treated in this city? Let me tell you how potatoes are cooked in Lancashire, England. They are peeled first and boiled gently till nearly soft, and then the water is poured off and the steam evaporated, when they are poured into a dish, and a few slices of bacon laid on the top and brought hot to the table, where they are eaten with a relish, and for a good reason—they are truly good. Such people do not eat much bread. The potatoes are so dry and mealy that they are an excellent substitute for bread, and very unlike the miserable waxy things that we eat here.

How to Cook Eggs.—Dropped eggs are probably the most healthful form in which they can be prepared for the table. Break the eggs very carefully into a pan of scalding water, and let the water come gradually to a boil, removing the eggs with a skimmer as soon as the white is set. Serve on a hot platter with a little salt, pepper and butter, or lay the eggs on hot butter toast. For invalids use cream instead of butter.

An Excellent Sugar Gingerbread. — One cup of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, six eggs, and season to taste. Pour into shallow pans, and bake half an hour in a moderate hot oven.

An Excellent Plain Tea Cake.—One cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of tartar, and flour enough to make it like soft gingerbread. Flavor with the juice of a small lemon. This makes one good sized loaf.

Excellent Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter, one of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of sweet milk, three of flour, and four eggs. One and a half teaspoons of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Two pounds of raisins, chopped fine; one nutmeg and a little brandy, if you choose. This will make two good sized loaves, which will keep moist without liquor from four to six weeks, when properly covered.